

# BALTIMORE™

## A PASSING STRANGER AND OTHER STORIES



MIKE  
MIGNOLA

CHRISTOPHER  
GOLDEN

BEN  
STENBECK

DAVE  
STEWART

*With an introduction  
by Kim Newman*





*Baltimore embarks on a quest for  
vengeance across a world overrun  
by monsters. A demented surgeon  
attempts to cure vampirism by creating  
greater horrors, and a perverse  
inquisitor reveals his own dark  
secrets, as our hero pursues the scarred  
vampire that he blames for all of it.*

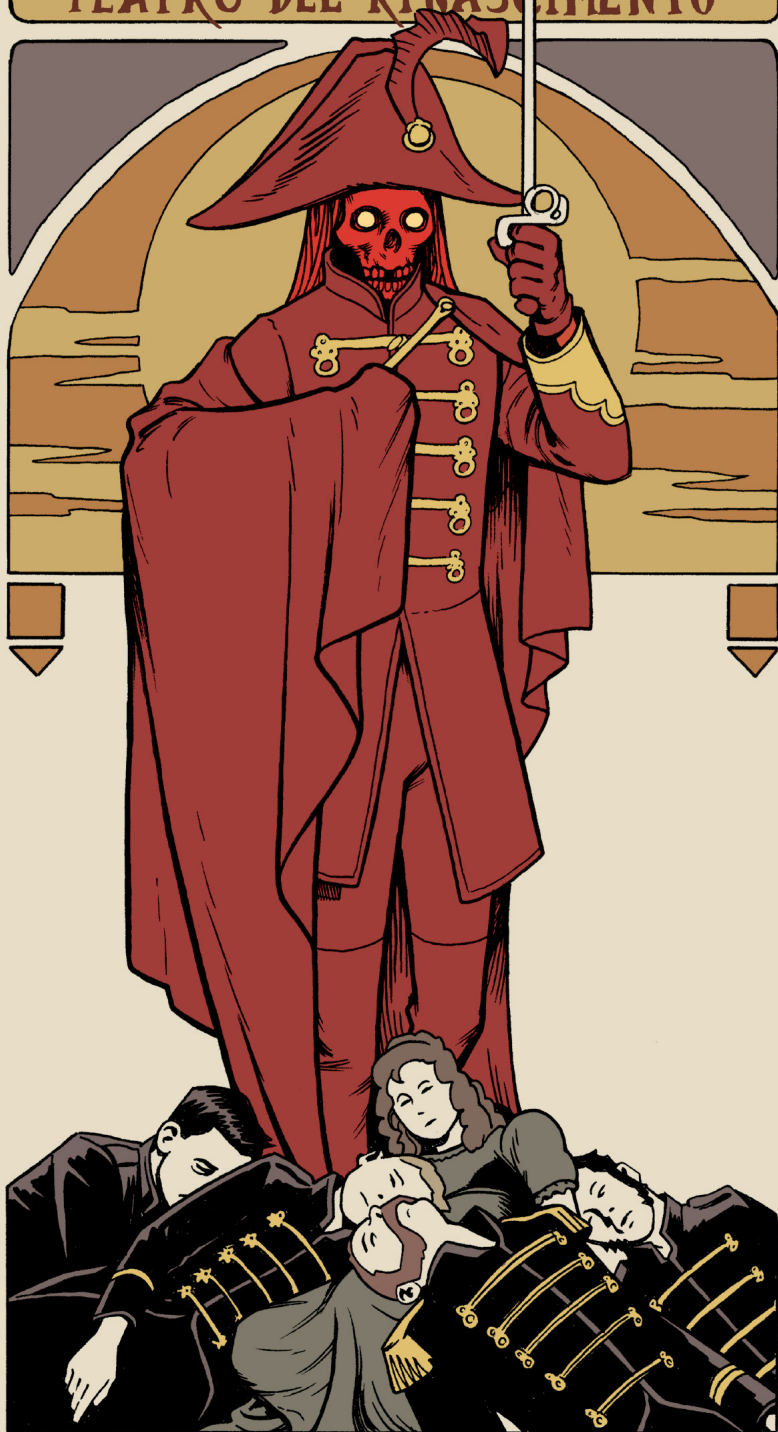
# BALTIMORE

*A Passing Stranger  
and Other Stories*



LA  
MORTE ROSSA  
TRIONFANTE

TEATRO DEL RINASCIMENTO





# BALTIMORE<sup>TM</sup>

## A PASSING STRANGER AND OTHER STORIES

VOLUME THREE

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This volume collects *Baltimore: The Widow and the Tank*, “Baltimore: A Passing Stranger” from *Free Comic Book Day 2011*, *Baltimore: The Play*, *Baltimore: Dr. Leskovar’s Remedy* #1–#2, and *Baltimore: The Inquisitor*, all published by Dark Horse Comics.

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# SPECTRES OF THE WAR

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by  
KIM NEWMAN



THE FIRST WORLD WAR WAS WHEN we found out how much worse things could be than we imagined . . .

In 1871, nearly half a century before an assassination in Sarajevo set the great powers against each other, Sir George Tomkyns Chesney—an angry army officer frustrated by having to deal with politicians who assumed warfare had changed little since Waterloo, if not Thermopylae—anonymously published a short novel in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Instantly reissued to enormous sales, *The Battle of Dorking: Reminiscences of a Volunteer* is one of the great horror/science fiction visions of an era replete with them (more on that later). If you've seen Tony Richardson's 1968 film *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, you'll have an idea of the complacency, ineptitude, and wrong-headedness of the mid-Victorian British army, and it was only the fact that the Russians were worse that allowed them to scrape a victory in the Crimea. Chesney realized that Bismarck's Germany was thinking much more seriously about war and, in the Franco-Prussian War, demonstrating that advances in technology, industrialization, and tactics could have a devastating effect on an unprepared enemy. In his book, written as a diary like some prototype found-footage effort, he imagines

an unnamed enemy (who speak German, eat sausage, and have spikes on their helmets) arriving in Britain and overwhelming the gallant, ill-prepared, underresourced home forces. He intended an awful warning and stirred up a lot of debate, though there were answer books that provided a happier ending (*What Happened after the Battle of Dorking; or, The Victory of Tunbridge Wells*) and some aggrieved patriots insisted that the situation Chesney envisions could never happen because the real battlefield of any invasion-of-Britain scenario would be the sea, where the British Navy was doing quite nicely in an arms race with the Germans to launch more dreadful dreadnoughts.

Chesney wanted to deliver a shocking editorial, but many of his readers enjoyed the horrors in an almost masochist way—well before H. G. Wells, who significantly had his Martians turn their heat rays on the quiet Surrey town of Dorking and its environs, he found out that readers quite like fantasizing about the destruction of their familiar world and the rise of savagery in the ruins of their high streets and village greens and city centers. Wells and Verne tend to dominate our memories of nineteenth-century science fiction, and had a knack for writing about war machines which would be in production very soon after publication, but there were an enormous number of others working in the same vein, conceiving of armored airships, submersible warships, land ironclads (i.e., tanks), fantastic new explosives, artificial plagues, and the like. Every country imagined itself at the mercy of a superior rival, though few of Chesney's imitators followed him by letting the enemy win, and a great deal of racism was stirred in when the invader turned out to be from the East, as epitomized by M. P. Shiel's *The Yellow Danger*. I heartily recommend I. F. Clarke's *Voices Prophesying War: Future Wars 1763–3749* as a study of this period of apocalyptic imagination—and it's well worth

going beyond Verne and Wells to read George Griffith, Erskine Childers, William Le Queux, Frank R. Stockton, and others. The last of these books—and one of the best—is Saki's *When William Came*, published in 1914, just before William (the Kaiser) started moving; Saki, like the horror writer William Hope Hodgson, was killed in action during the war.

In many ways, the war was a disappointment to science fiction fans—yes, tanks did trundle onto battlefields and machine-gun fire mowed down charging cavalry, and aerial warfare changed from pilots taking potshots at each other to aerobatic dogfights in rapidly developing craft. But the war was fought with less-glamorous devices, like shovels and barbed wire . . . and human blood. None of the authors who conceived of aerial torpedoes or submarine claws (to wrench the propellers off steamships) imagined the great powers would simply pour men into the mud, or that it would result in a stalemate that culled a generation (and weakened humanity significantly so that an influenza epidemic could kill even more in 1919). Chesney and his followers all thought high-tech war would be fast—over by Christmas, with massive explosions and invasions and swift capitulations. The real war went on and on and on, seeping into and warping the twentieth century so extensively that the world still hasn't got over it.

That same half century culminating in the war was also the breeding ground for an enormous number of our favorite and longest-lasting fantastical, monstrous, magical characters. Here's a brief roll call—Carmilla and Uncle Silas, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Dracula and Dorian Gray, the Hound of the Baskervilles, Professor Moriarty and Dr. Fu Manchu, Dr. Moreau, the Martians, the Invisible Man, the Phantom of the Opera, the Lost World, the ghost stories of M. R. James, Peter Pan and Oz, Ayesha and Alraune, Carnacki and John Silence, *Heart of Darkness* and *The Turn of the Screw*, *The Jewel of Seven*

*Stars* and “Lot No. 249” (key mummy stories by Stoker and Doyle), and others less remembered but still worth exhuming, like Richard Marsh's *The Beetle* and Guy Boothby's Dr. Nikola novels. This flood wasn't quite stemmed by the war itself, but the quality of horror did change during and after the conflict . . . Much of it migrated to theater and then the movies, and the specter of the war hangs over the German horror films of the twenties and the American monster movies of the thirties in much the same way terrorism and torture turn up in so many of our contemporary horrors.

. . . Which brings us to *Baltimore*, and a world where the First World War petered out but the flow of monsters increased, where the rusting hulks of Verne's and Wells's war machines are inhabited by ancient, evil creatures on the pattern of the great flowering of supernatural horror of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. That something very deep was happening in the world—and in popular culture—in the teens of the last century is a given, but these stories gnaw away at the wound, constantly asking us who the real monsters are—the shape-shifting vampires thirsting for blood, the obsessives who set out to render them extinct, or the uncaring forces who consider whole populations an acceptable loss. They're all still with us . . .

Kim Newman  
Islington, May 2013

THE WIDOW  
AND THE TANK

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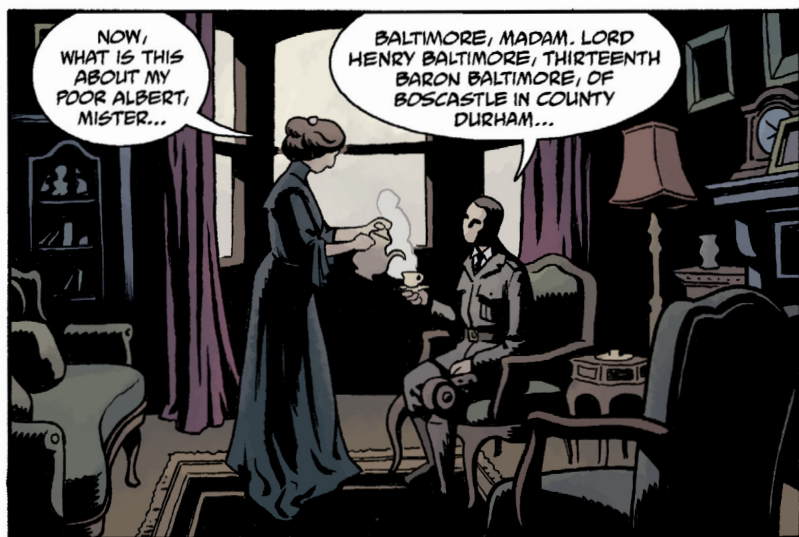
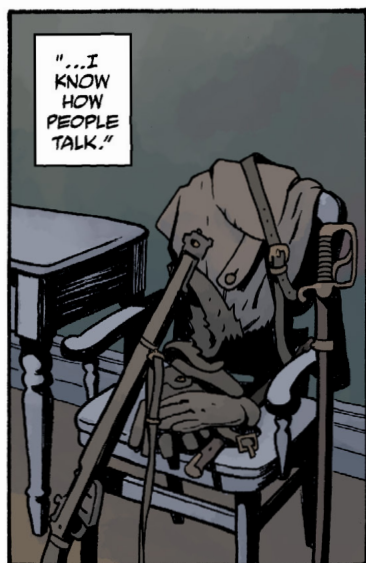




LOUTH,  
LINCOLNSHIRE,  
ENGLAND.  
JUNE 1916.

# THE WIDOW

















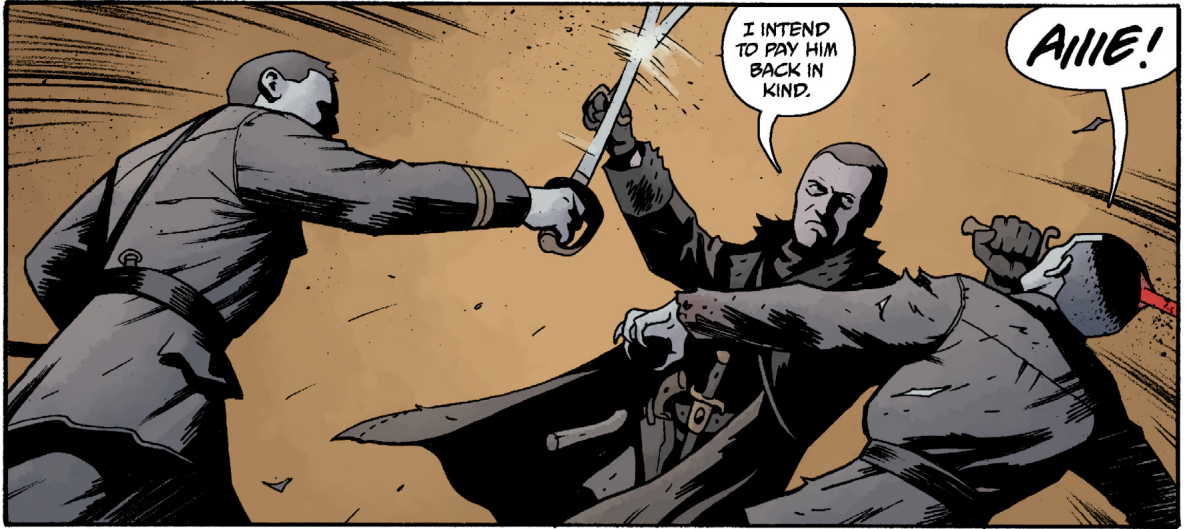
















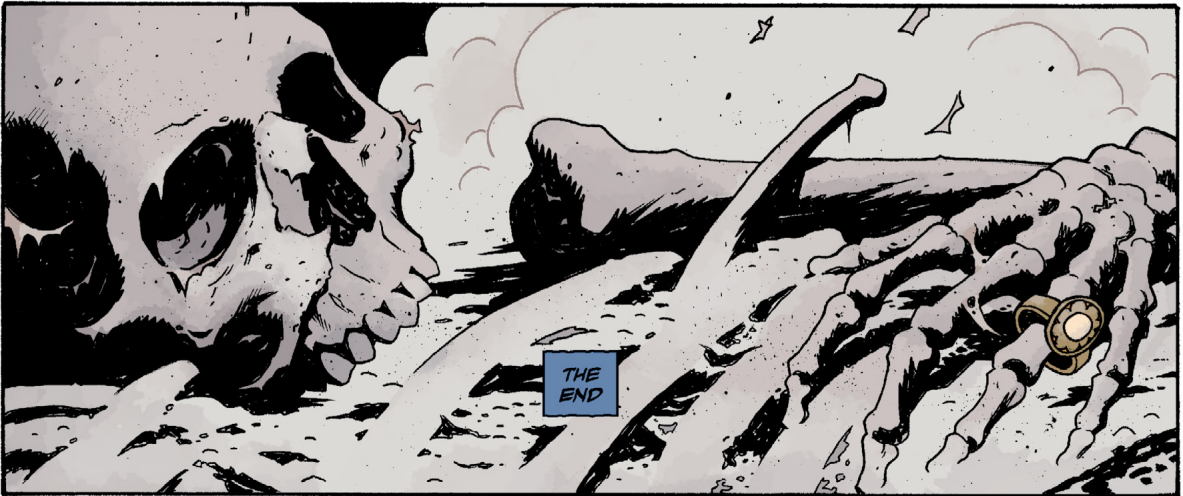






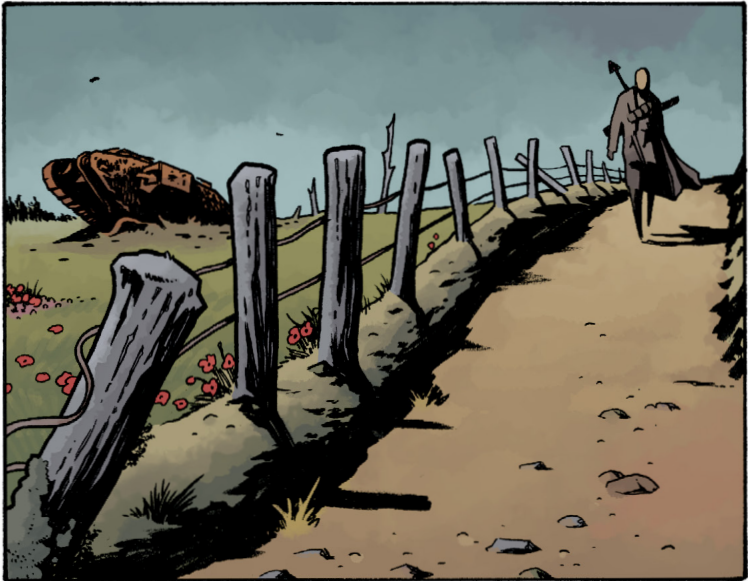
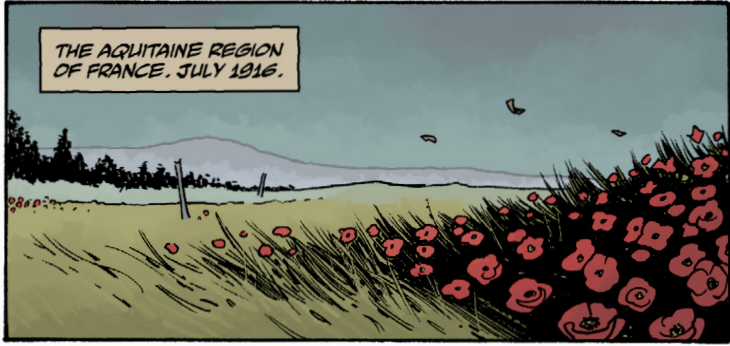






THE  
END









<TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH>





WHAT  
I AM IS  
HUNGRY.



OUI, MONSIEUR.  
BUT MY GRAND-  
FATHER...HE IS AT  
THE BAR...HE  
SAYS YOU ASKED  
HIM ABOUT A  
VAMPIRE...



...HE SAYS YOU  
ARE HUNTING  
MONSTERS.



I KILL  
MONSTERS,  
YES. BUT  
THERE'S ONLY  
ONE I'M  
HUNTING.

NOW  
GO AWAY,  
BOY.

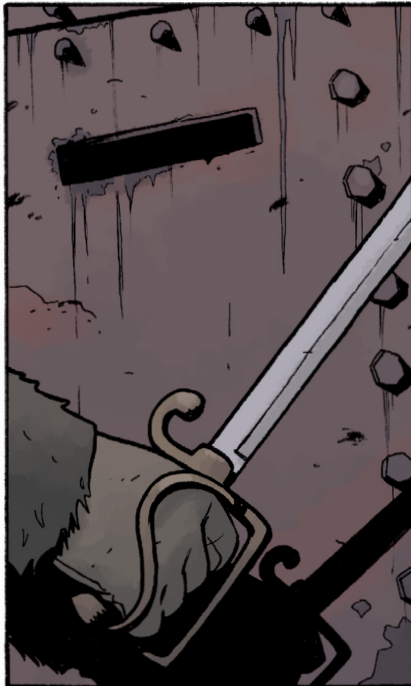
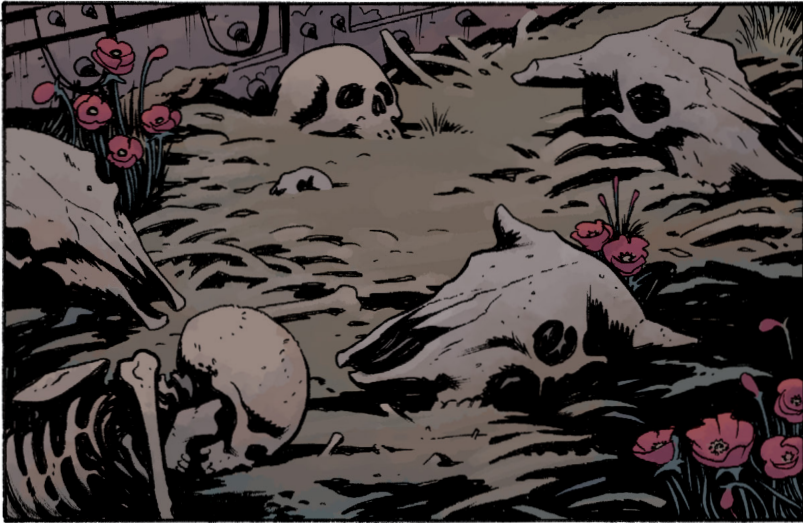
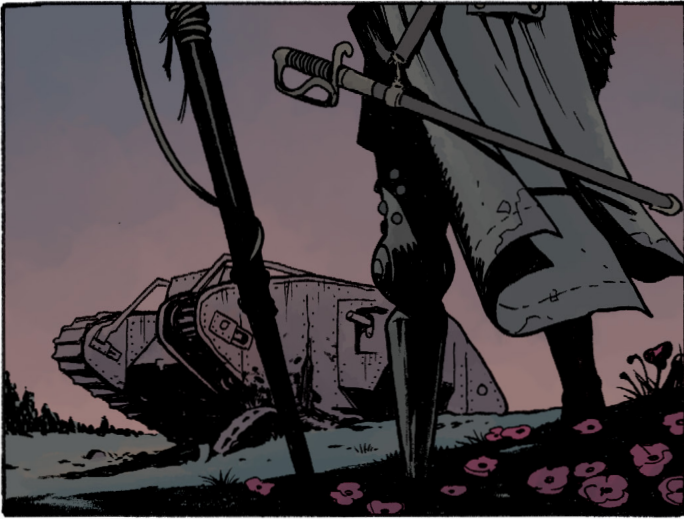


BUT YOU LIKE TO KILL  
THEM, OUI? IF SO,  
THERE IS ONE NOT  
FAR FROM HERE. A  
VAMPIRE.

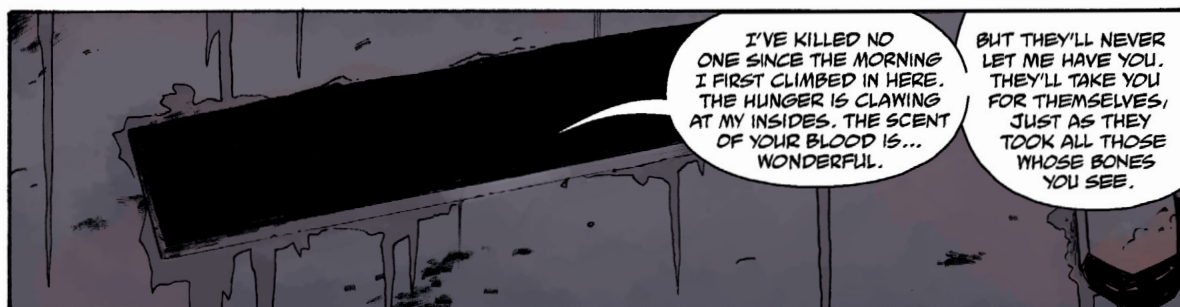
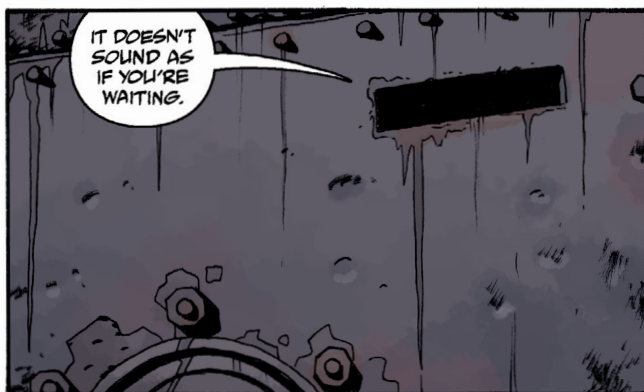
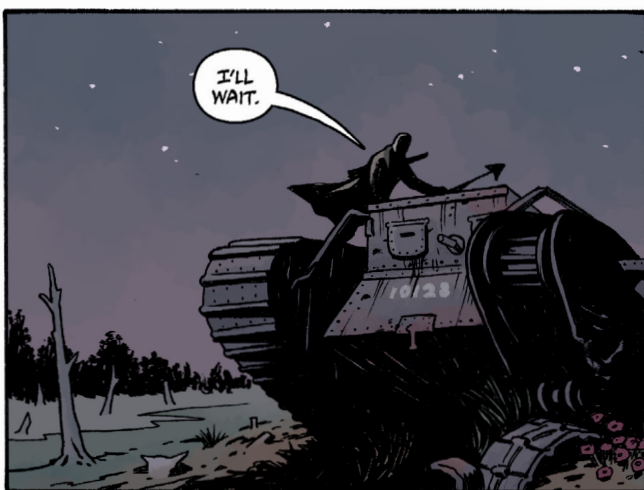
EVERYONE SAYS  
IT LIVES INSIDE THE  
BROKEN TANK THAT  
THE BRITISH LEFT  
BEHIND.

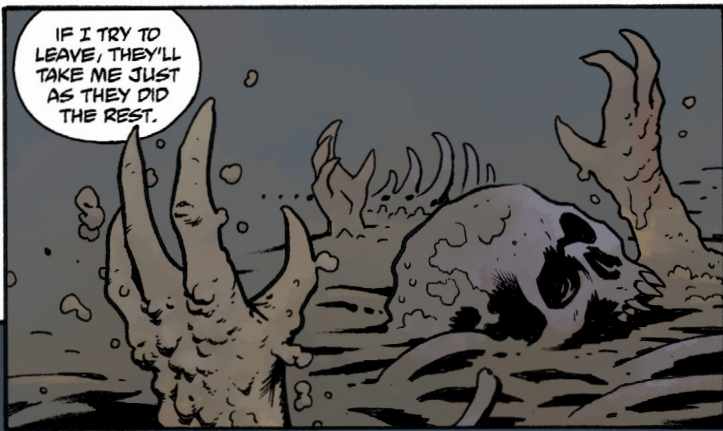


IT HAS KILLED MANY  
COWS AND SOME OF  
MY FRIENDS, SO IT  
WOULD BE VERY NICE  
IF YOU COULD  
KILL IT.

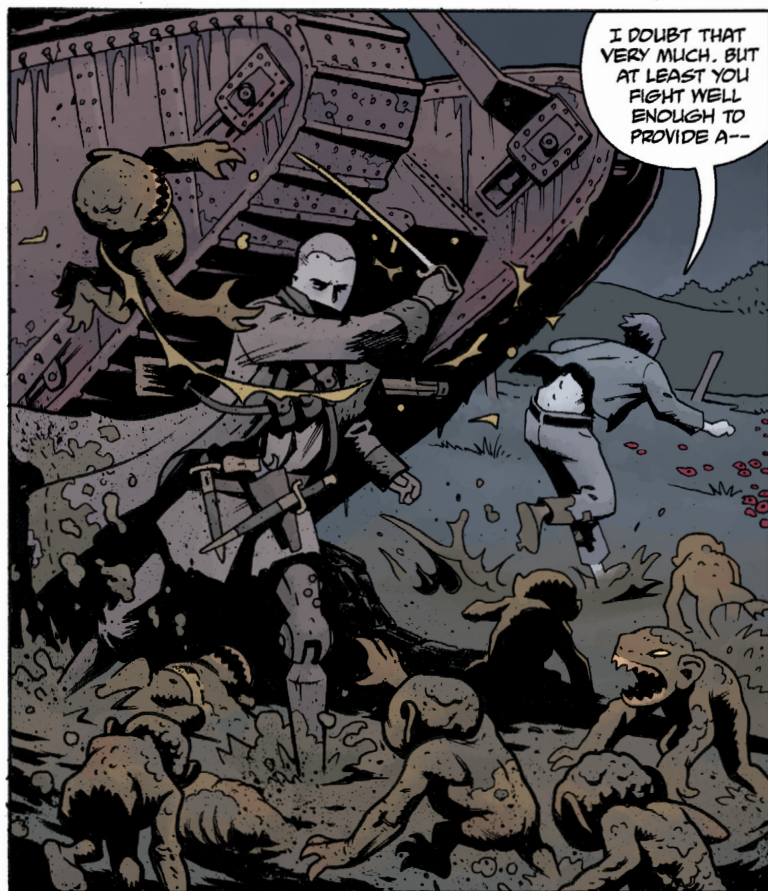


















## A PASSING STRANGER

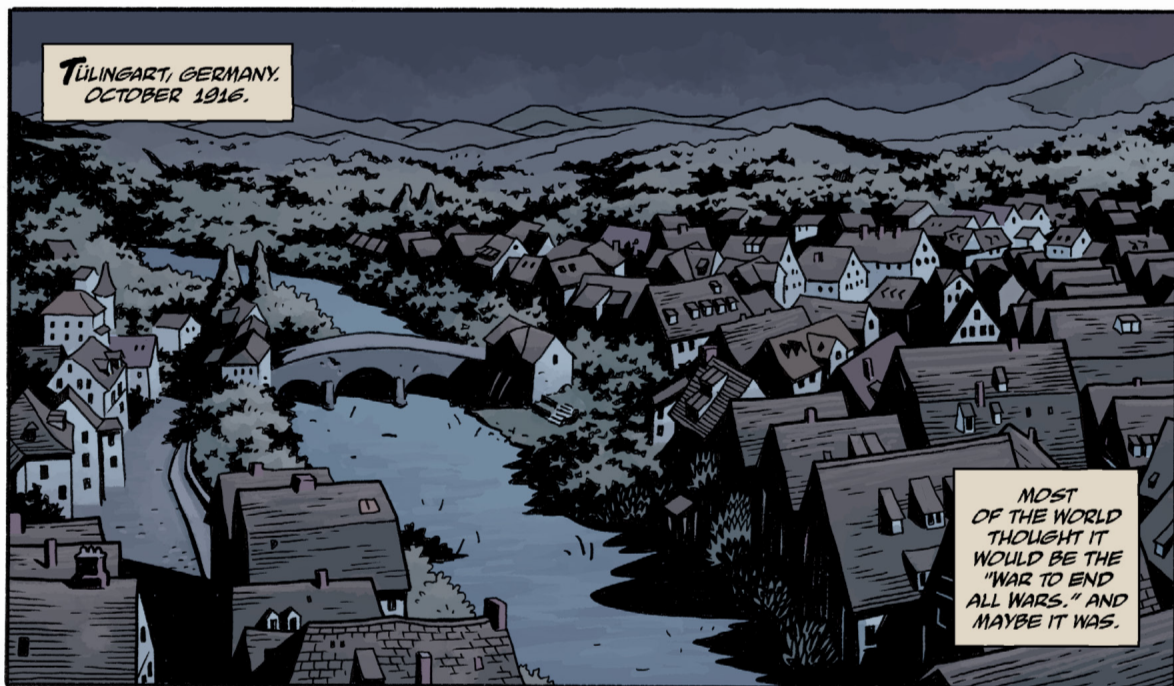
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**TÜLINGART, GERMANY.**  
**OCTOBER 1916.**

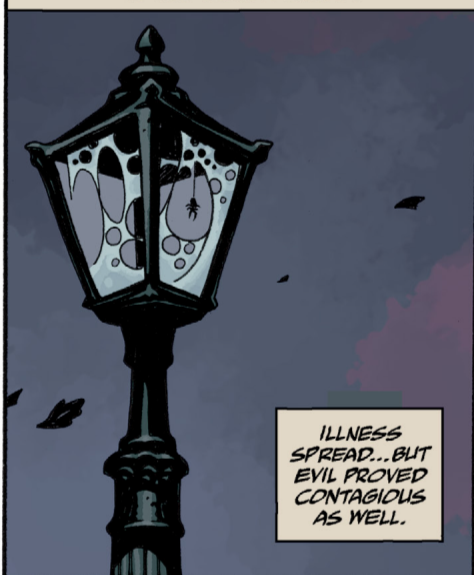


MOST  
OF THE WORLD  
THOUGHT IT  
WOULD BE THE  
"WAR TO END  
ALL WARS." AND  
MAYBE IT WAS.



THOUGH  
SURELY THIS  
IS NOT WHAT  
ANYONE HAD  
IN MIND.

AMIDST THE WAR, A PLAGUE BEGAN,  
SPREADING SO QUICKLY AND SO FIERCELY  
THAT WHOLE ARMIES THREW DOWN THEIR  
WEAPONS AND WENT HOME TO LOOK  
AFTER THEIR FAMILIES.



ILLNESS  
SPREAD...BUT  
EVIL PROVED  
CONTAGIOUS  
AS WELL.



NOW, THOSE WHO  
SURVIVED THE WAR  
AND THE PLAGUE  
HAVE OTHER  
THINGS TO FEAR.









MAX! COME AND SEE. THERE'S A **STRANGER** PASSING BY.

YOU KNOW THE RULES, ROLF. WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE OUT AFTER DARK ANYMORE.



**DAMN** YOU, BOY, CLOSE THOSE SHUTTERS. THE LIGHT WILL BRING THEM SURE ENOUGH, AND WE'LL BE JUST AS **DEAD** AS THE REST.

BUT, MRS. HAUPT, IT'S ONLY ROLF.



THAT CHILD NEVER **DID** HAVE ANY SENSE. IF YOU WANT TO RUN AROUND LIKE MONKEYS, THEN GO. BUT DON'T YOU **DARE** COME BACK TILL SUNRISE.

I WON'T HAVE YOU LEADING THEM HERE.



DON'T WORRY. I'LL BE CAREFUL.

I KEEP TELLING THEM, MAXIE. ALL THE VAMPIRES ARE GONE.



THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO FEAR.





WHO DO YOU THINK HE IS? HE LOOKS LIKE A SOLDIER.

NO...



...HE LOOKS LIKE A **HUNTER**. WHEN I FIRST SPOTTED HIM, HE WAS COMING OUT OF THE TOWN HALL--

BUT THAT'S WHERE THE VAMPIRES HAVE THEIR NEST.



"NOT ANYMORE, MAXIE. THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU. EITHER IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN SAYING, AND THEY WERE ALREADY GONE, OR HE KILLED THEM."



DO YOU THINK SO?

LET'S ASK HIM!

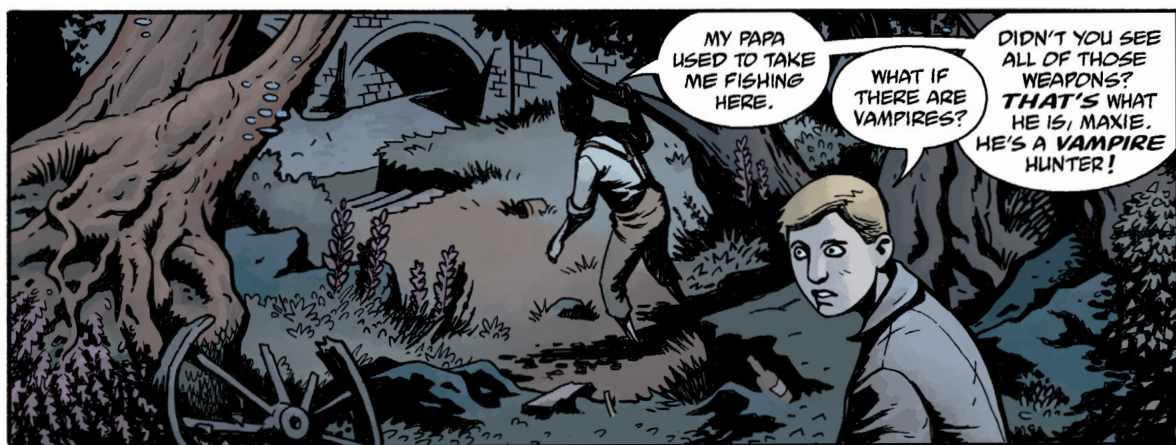


ROLF, WAIT!

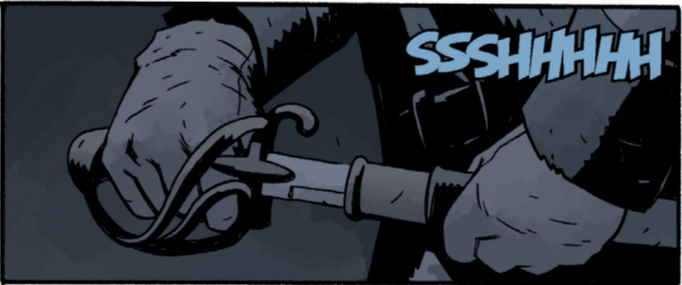
COME ON, MAXIE! IF WE BRING HIM **BACK**, HE CAN TELL THE OTHERS THAT IT'S **SAFE**. WE DON'T HAVE TO BE **AFRAID** ANYMORE.













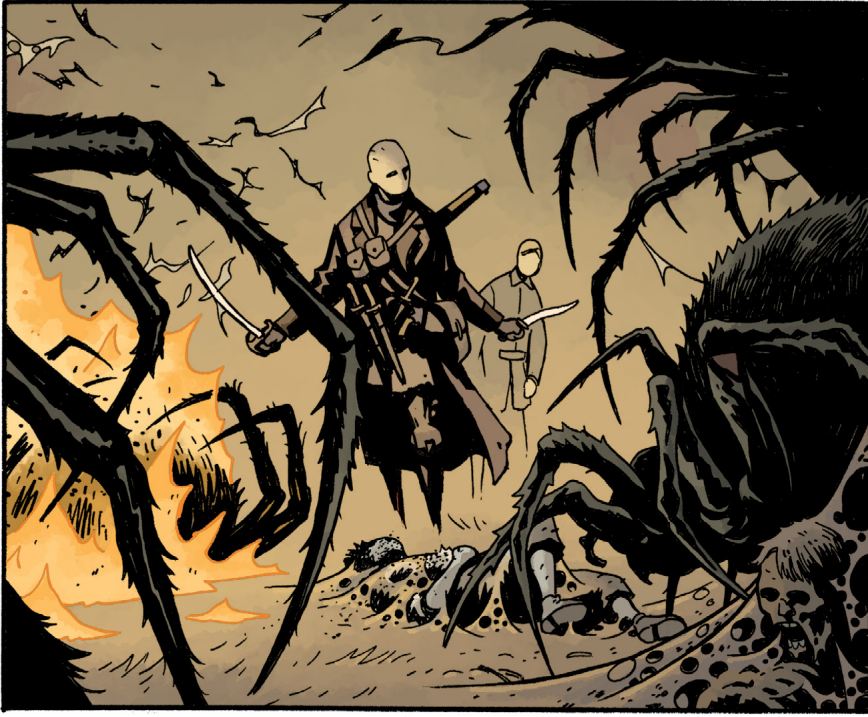


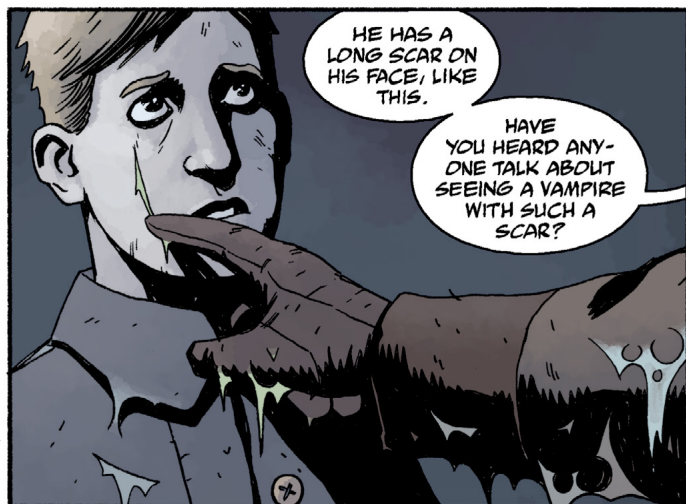




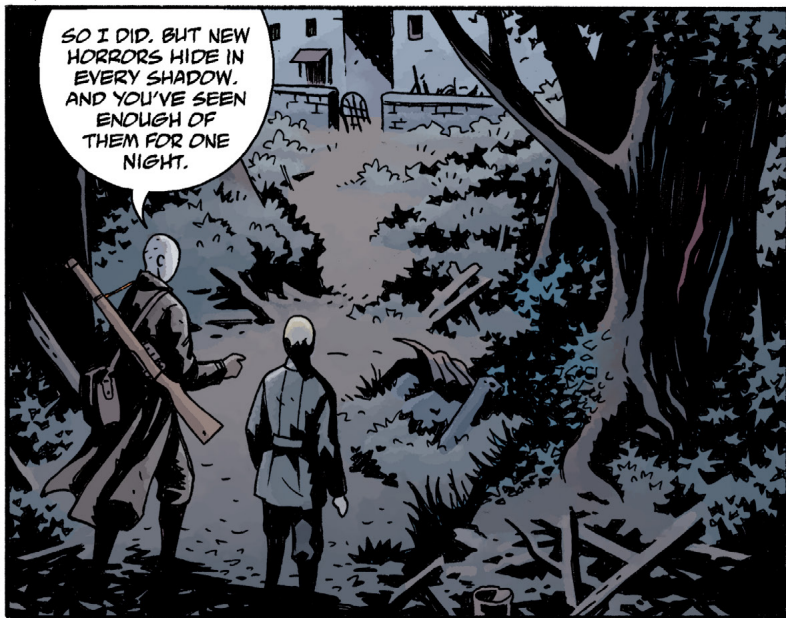
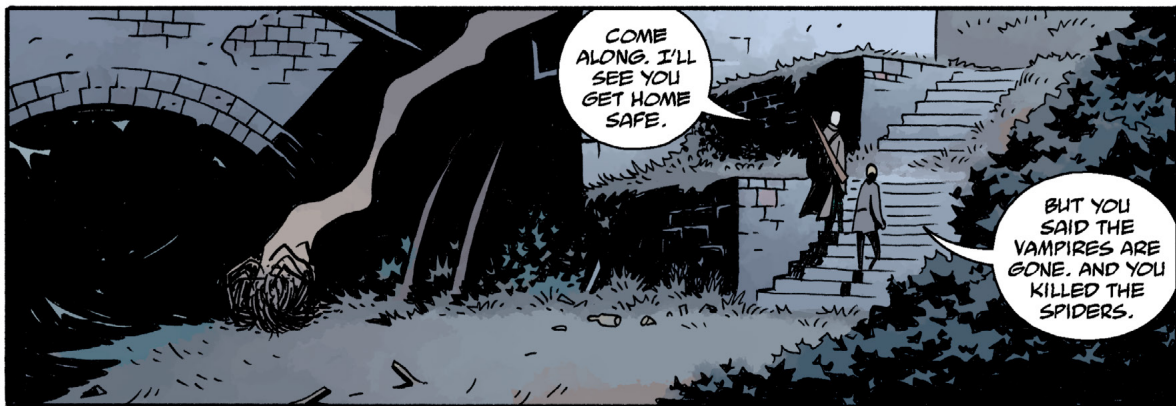




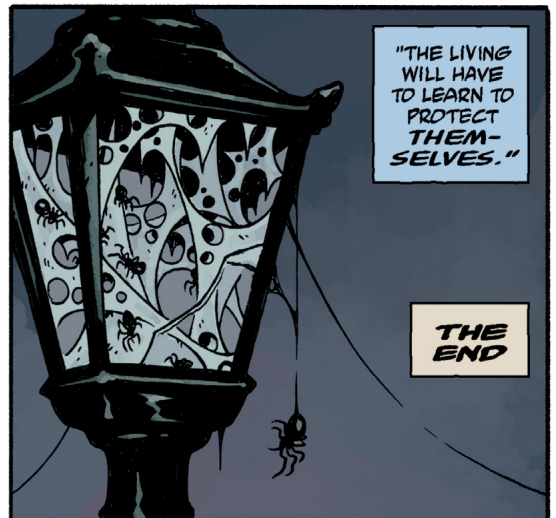














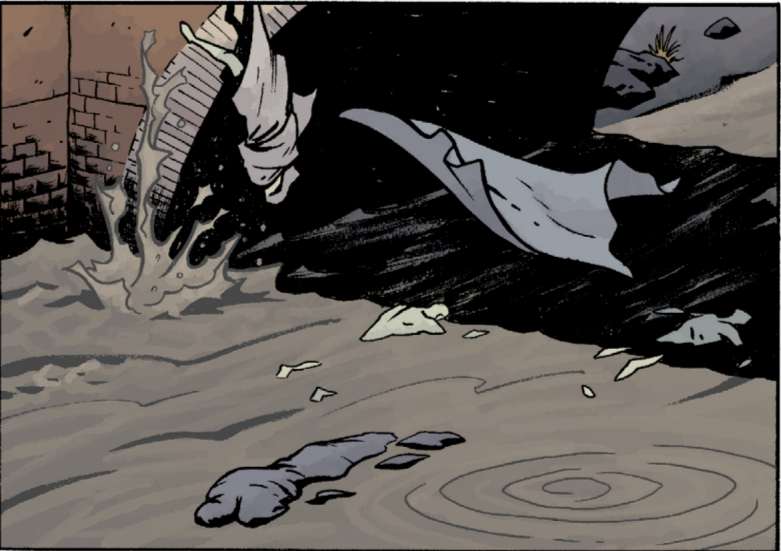
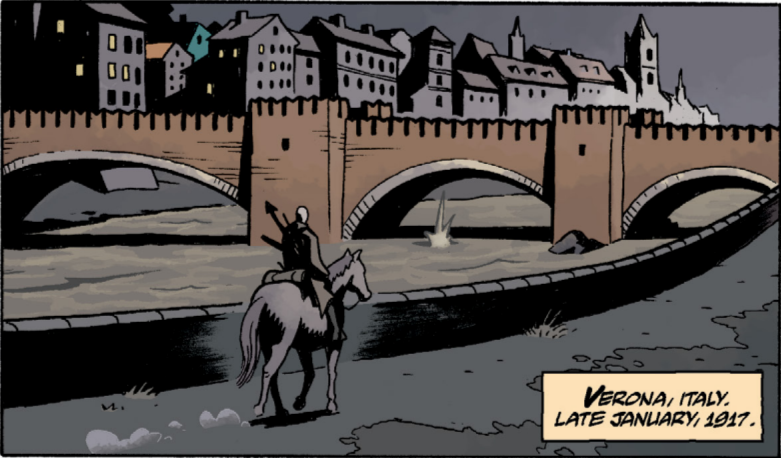
## THE PLAY

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...DO YOU CARE  
SO LITTLE FOR  
THOSE DOWN-  
STREAM?



THERE AREN'T ENOUGH  
OF US LEFT ALIVE TO  
BURY THE DEAD, AND  
WE'VE BEGUN TO FEAR  
BREATHING THE  
SMOKE FROM THE  
PYRES...



"...THE  
RIVER WILL  
CARRY  
THEM TO  
SEA, AND  
TAKE THE  
PLAGUE  
WITH IT."



I'M  
AFRAID  
IT ISN'T  
THAT  
SIMPLE.

I SEEK THIS MAN, MOST OFTEN  
CALLED HAIGUS. I BELIEVE HE HAS  
PASSED THIS WAY. IF YOU WANT AN  
END TO THIS HORROR, YOU'LL  
TELL ME WHAT YOU  
KNOW OF HIM.

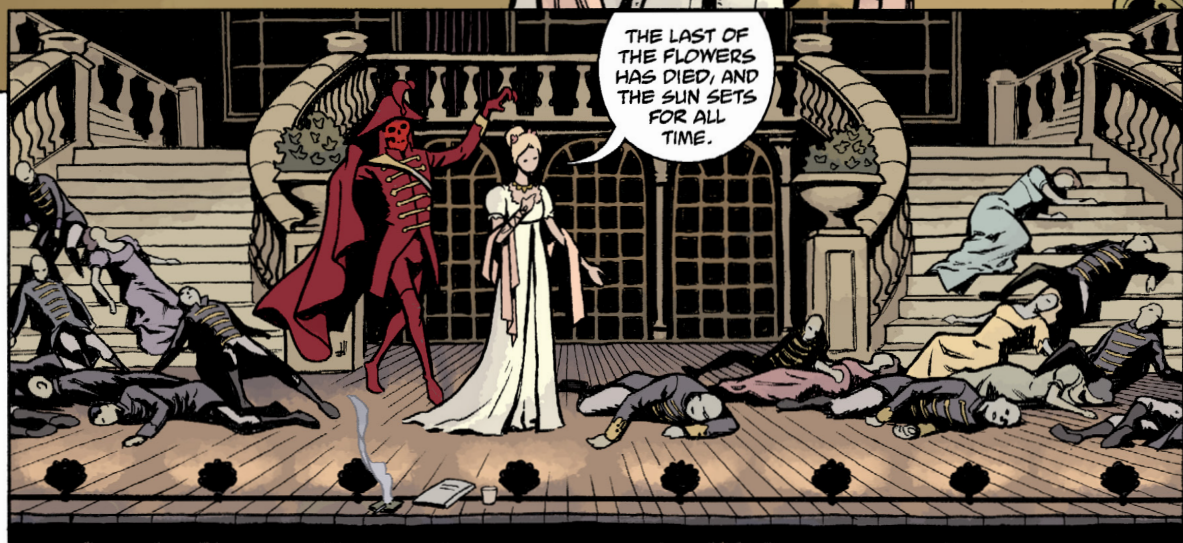


I'VE SEEN HIM.  
A WEEK OR SO AGO,  
JUST AS THE DISEASE  
BEGAN TO SWEEP  
THROUGH VERONA, I  
SAW HIM AT THE  
TEATRO  
ALFIERI...













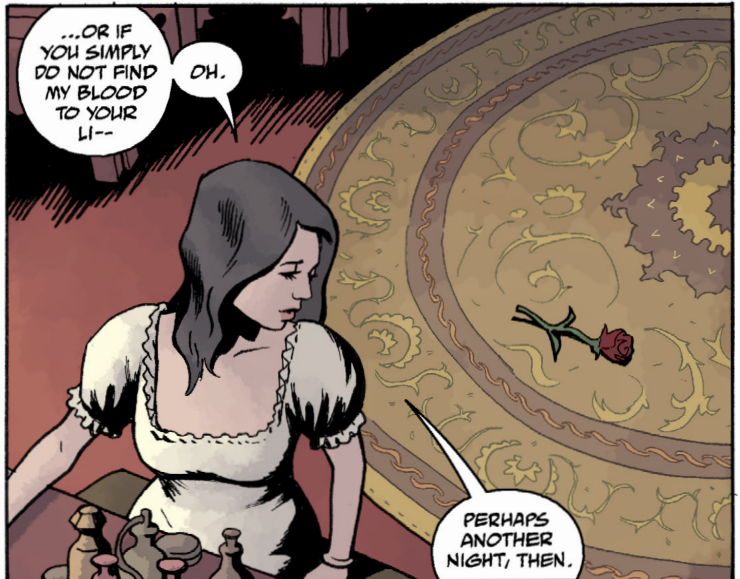
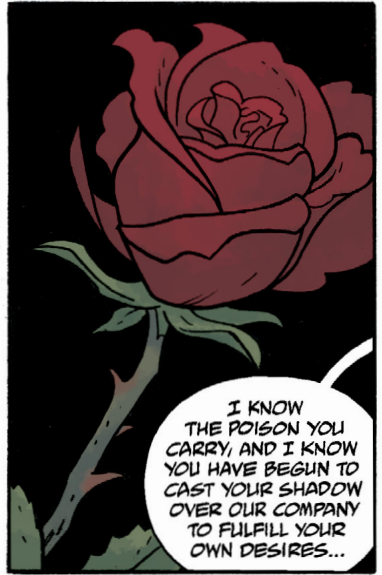
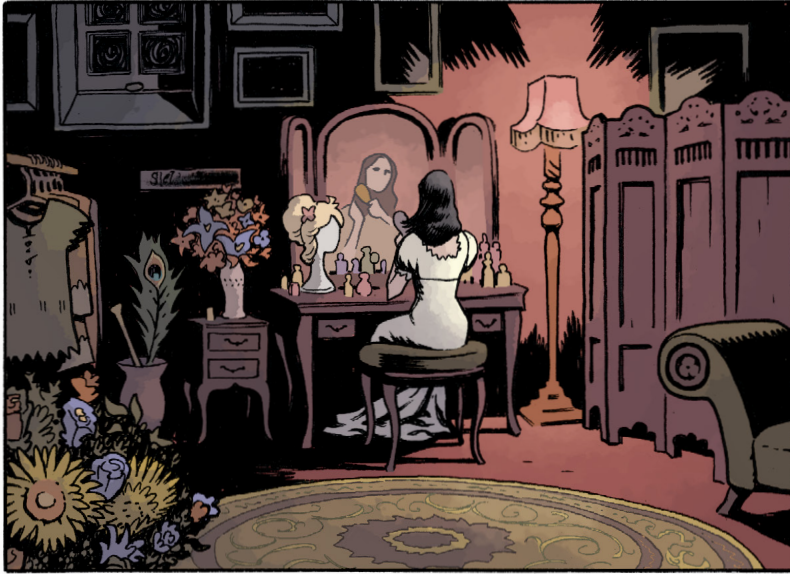
I HAVE FINANCED NEARLY EVERYTHING YOU SEE, SIR, INCLUDING WHATEVER THAT FOOL **GNECCO** IS PAYING YOU. BE SILENT, OR--

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO INSIST.























SHE CLAIMS  
TO LOVE ME,  
BUT I SENSE  
A DISTANCE  
IN HER...



HOW CAN I BE  
SURE, EDGAR? I  
HAVE BLACKENED  
MY SOUL FOR HER,  
TINKERED WITH  
FORCES NO GOOD-  
HEARTED MAN  
SHOULD DARE.

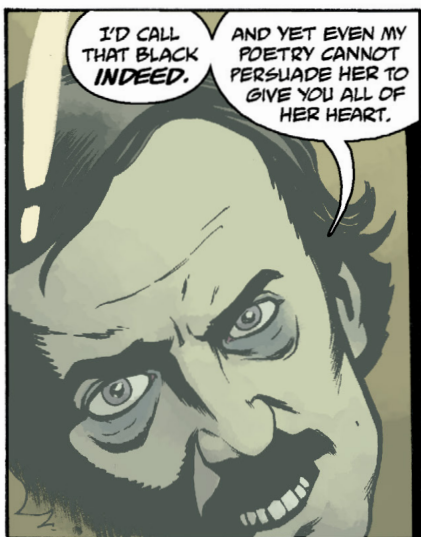
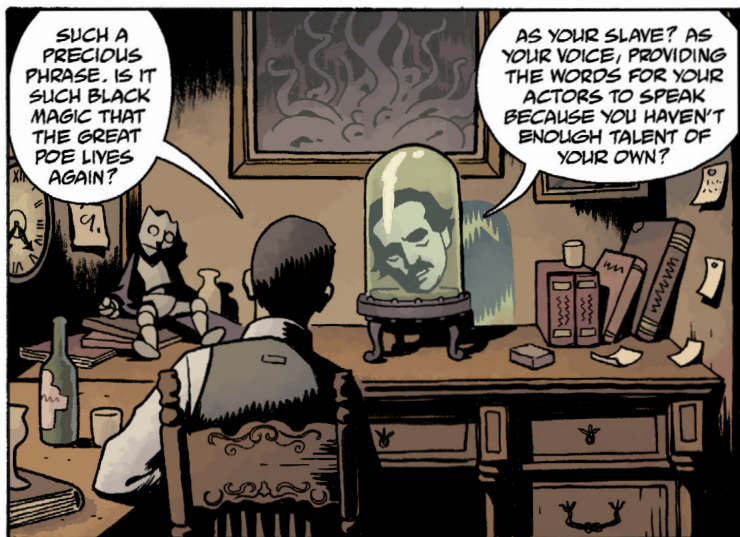
YOU  
GAVE ME  
NEW LIFE,  
SIGNORE  
GNECCO.

ATTENTI ALLA TESTA



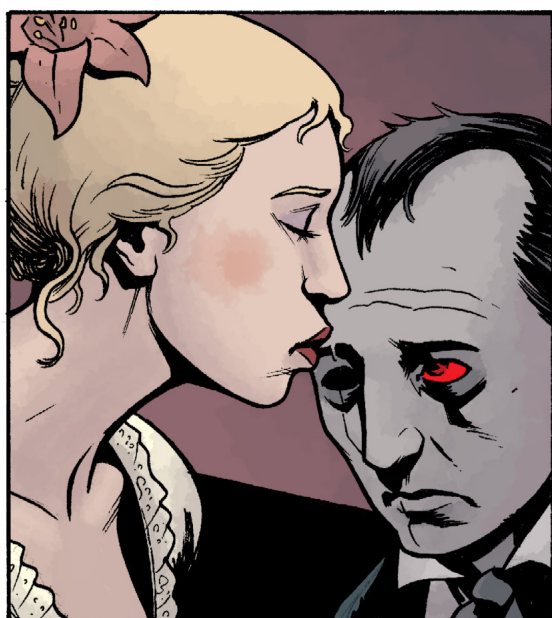
LET'S NOT  
PRETEND  
IT IS ANY-  
THING LESS  
THAN BLACK  
MAGIC.





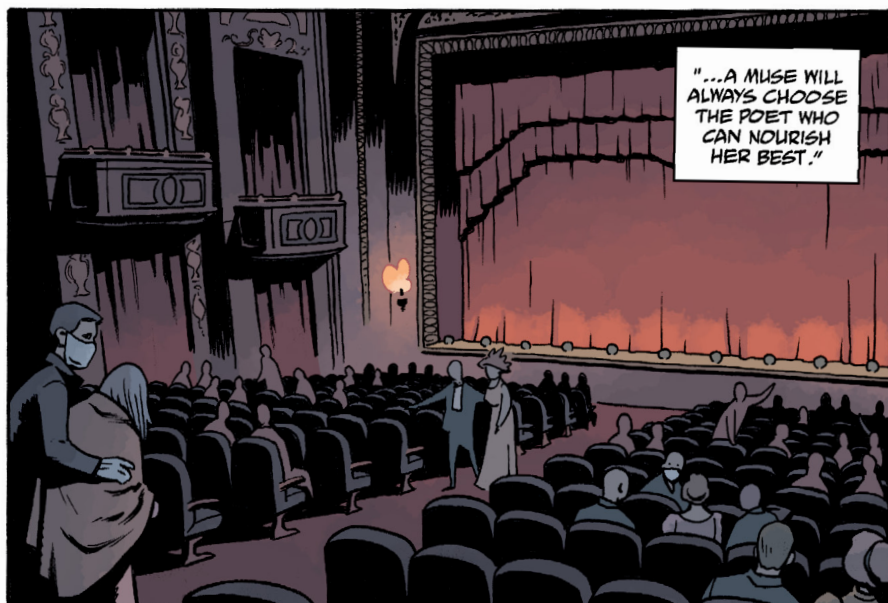












"...A MUSE WILL ALWAYS CHOOSE THE POET WHO CAN NOURISH HER BEST."



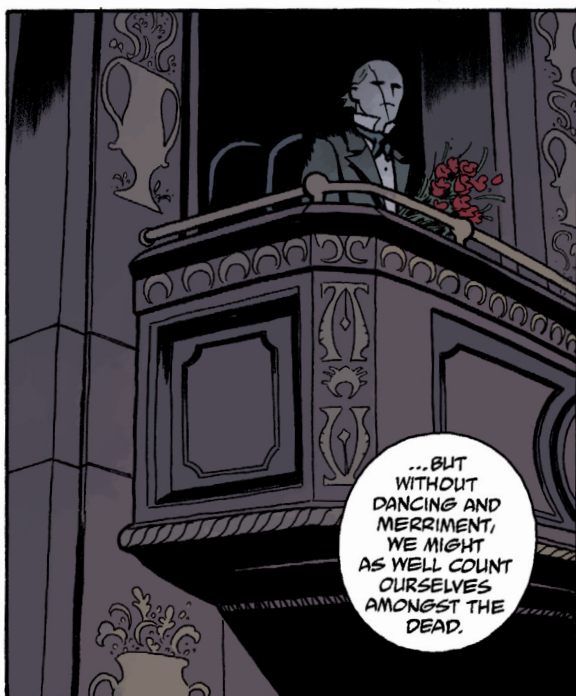
CURTAIN.



IS IT NOT AN OFFENSE TO GOD, MY LADY, TO DANCE AND MAKE MERRY WHEN SO MANY AROUND US ARE DYING?

PERHAPS IT IS, DEAR...

COFF  
COFF



...BUT WITHOUT DANCING AND MERRIMENT, WE MIGHT AS WELL COUNT OURSELVES AMONGST THE DEAD.



COFF  
COFF



LO! 'TIS  
A GALA  
NIGHT, WITHIN  
THE LONESOME  
LATTER YEARS!  
AN ANGEL THRON-  
G, BEWINGED, BEDIGHT  
IN VEILS, AND  
DROWNED IN  
TEARS...

...SIT IN  
A THEATRE,  
TO SEE A PLAY  
OF HOPES AND  
FEARS, WHILE THE  
ORCHESTRA  
BREATHES  
FITFULLY...

...THE  
MUSIC OF THE  
SPHERES.

I MUST GIVE CREDIT WHERE  
IT'S DUE. THIS SCENE WOULD  
NOT BE HALF AS EFFECTIVE  
WITHOUT MR. HAIGUS'S FINE  
PAINTINGS.



MIMES, IN THE  
FORM OF GOD  
ON HIGH, MUTTER  
AND MUMBLE LOW,  
AND HITHER  
AND THITHER  
FLY--

--AND MUCH  
OF MADNESS,  
AND MORE OF SIN,  
AND HORROR THE  
SOUL OF  
THE PLOT.\*

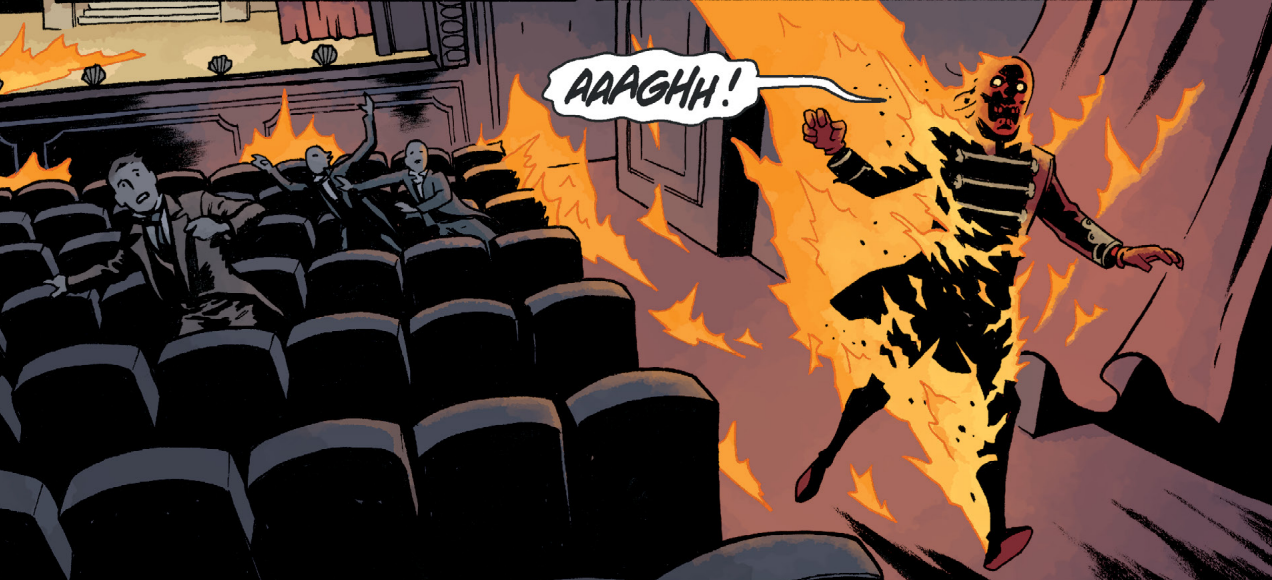
\*FROM THE CONQUEROR  
WORM BY EDGAR ALLAN POE











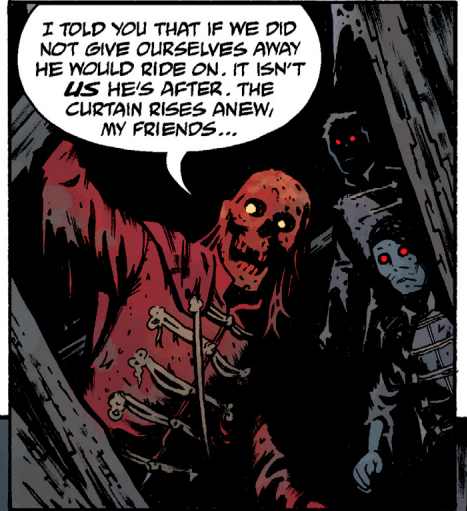








"...FOREVER..."



I TOLD YOU THAT IF WE DID NOT GIVE OURSELVES AWAY HE WOULD RIDE ON. IT ISN'T US HE'S AFTER. THE CURTAIN RISES ANEW, MY FRIENDS...



...AND WE HAVE THE STAGE ALL TO OURSELVES.

THE END



## DR. LESKOVAR'S REMEDY

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**BJELOGORAN,**  
CROATIA, ON  
THE DALMATIAN  
COAST. MAY 1917.



YOU DID  
WELL THIS  
MORNING,  
CECILIJA.

YOU  
WERE A GOOD  
TEACHER.

TOO GOOD.  
NOW YOU  
GET TO THE  
FISH BEFORE  
I DO.



BRUNA, WANT  
TO HELP ME WITH  
BREAKFAST?



KNOW WHAT I DID,  
CECILIJA? I  
PRETENDED THERE'S  
A PRINCESS IN MY  
CASTLE AND THE  
CRABS ARE GIANT  
CRABS AND THEY'RE  
GONNA  
EAT HER.



POOR  
PRINCESS.

















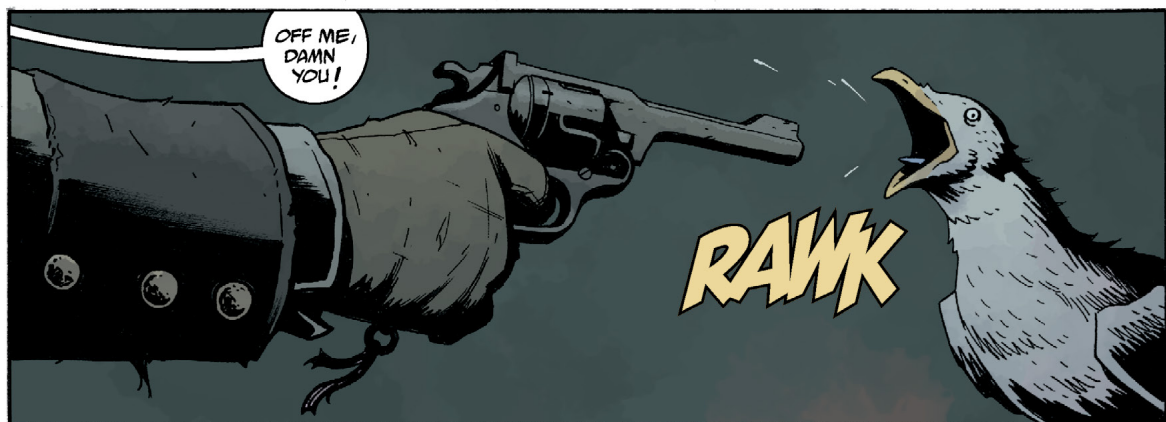
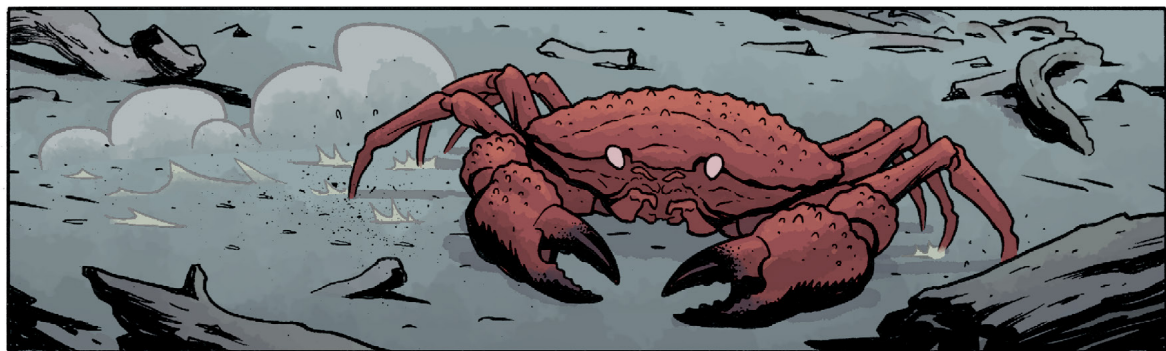
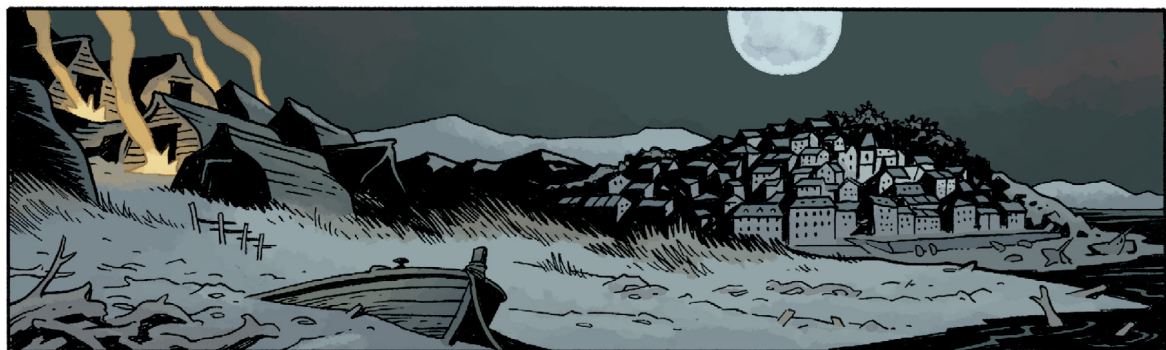








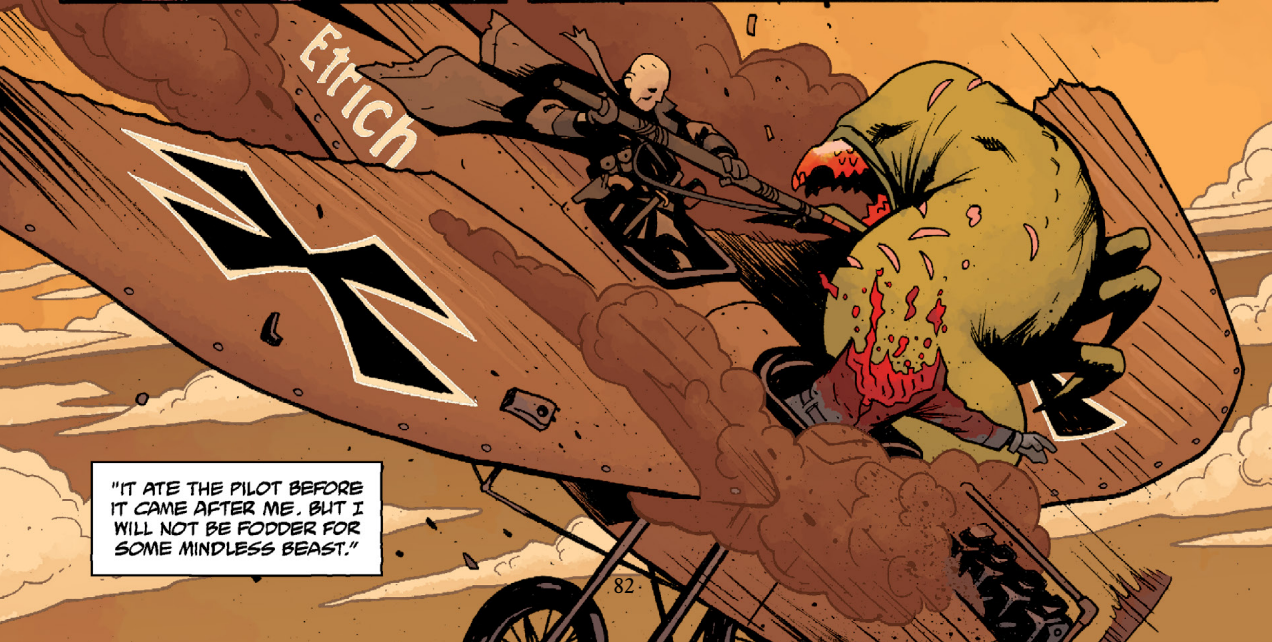
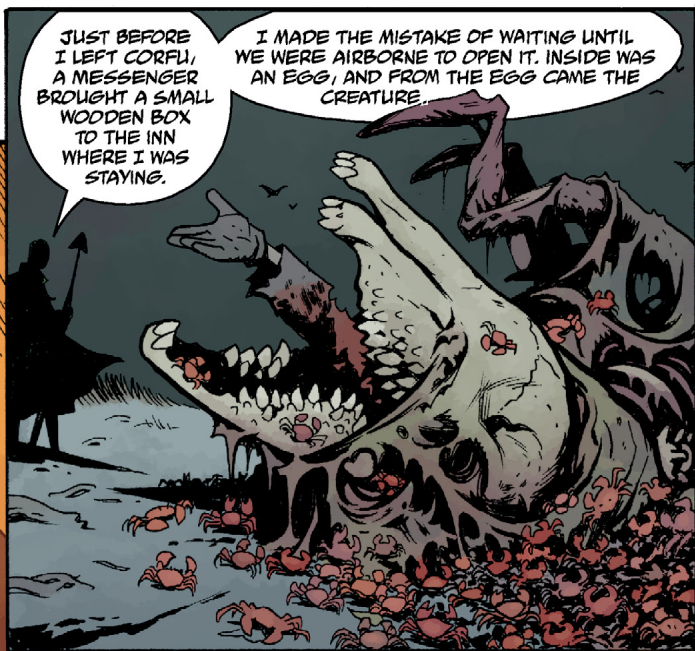
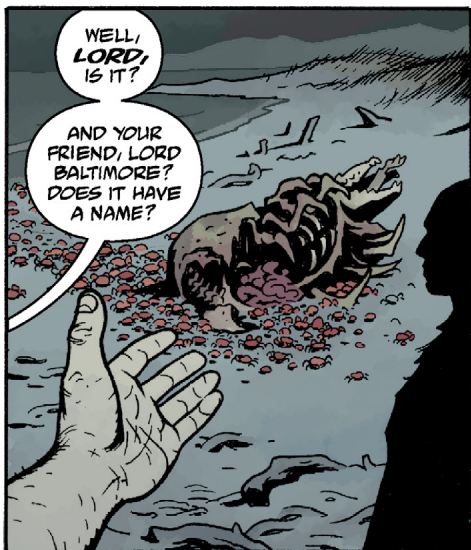






















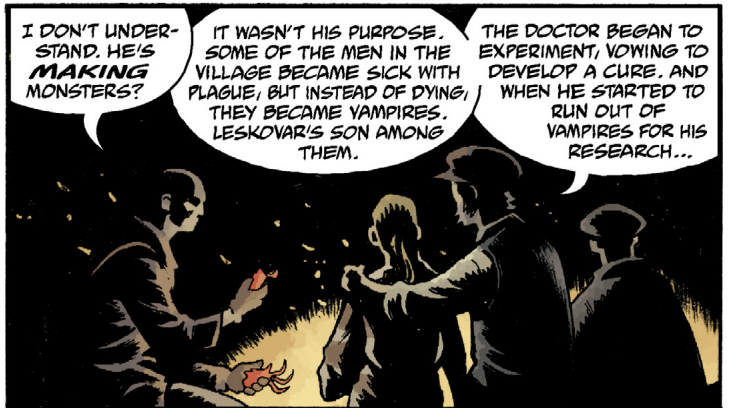
"REMEDY FOR  
WHAT?"



"FOR  
VAMPIRISM,  
OF COURSE.  
DR. LESKOVAR  
BELIEVES HE  
HAS A CURE."



"BUT ALL  
HE'S BEEN  
ABLE TO  
DO SO FAR  
IS MAKE  
HIS OWN  
SORT OF  
MONSTERS."



I DON'T UNDER-  
STAND. HE'S  
**MAKING**  
MONSTERS?

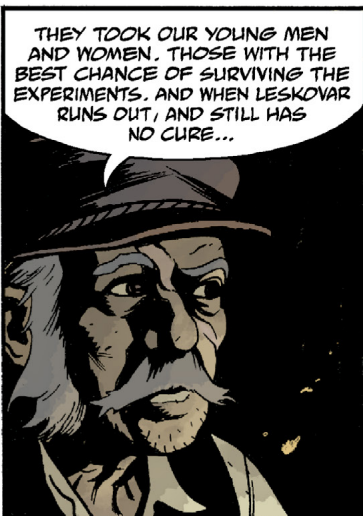
IT WASN'T HIS PURPOSE.  
SOME OF THE MEN IN THE  
VILLAGE BECAME SICK WITH  
PLAGUE, BUT INSTEAD OF DYING,  
THEY BECAME VAMPIRES.  
LESKOVAR'S SON AMONG  
THEM.

THE DOCTOR BEGAN TO  
EXPERIMENT, VOWING TO  
DEVELOP A CURE. AND  
WHEN HE STARTED TO  
RUN OUT OF  
VAMPIRES FOR HIS  
RESEARCH...



HE SENT HIS MONSTERS OUT TO  
DRAG BACK "VOLUNTEERS." MY  
DAUGHTER. FILIP'S DAUGHTER  
AND HIS NEPHEW. MANY  
OTHERS.

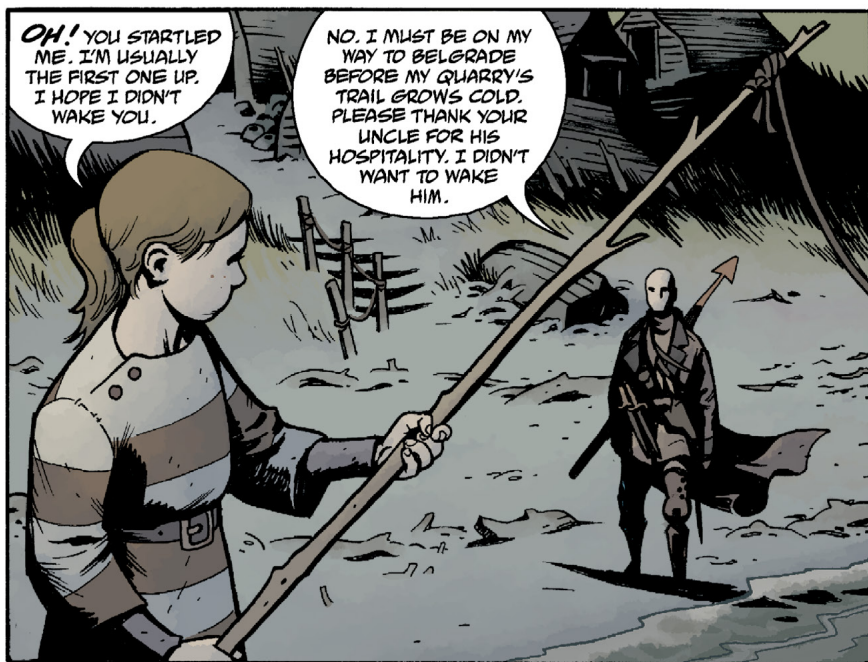
LESKOVAR LET  
HIS LAST  
VAMPIRE INFECT  
THEM, JUST SO  
HE COULD TRY TO  
CURE THEM.



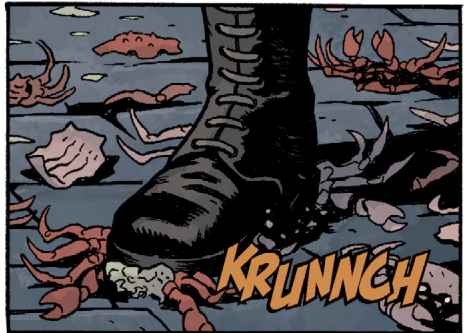
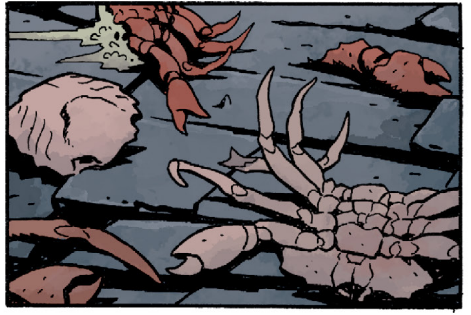
THEY TOOK OUR YOUNG MEN  
AND WOMEN. THOSE WITH THE  
BEST CHANCE OF SURVIVING THE  
EXPERIMENTS. AND WHEN LESKOVAR  
RUNS OUT, AND STILL HAS  
NO CURE...



HE'LL SEND  
HIS MONSTERS  
FOR THE  
CHILDREN.















BRAVE  
MAN.



NOT  
BRAVE.  
STUPID  
MAN.

STUPID  
MAN.

STUPID  
MAN.

STUPID  
MAN.



A VOLUNTEER.  
WE NEED  
VOLUNTEERS.



HAVE YOU COME  
TO HELP THE  
DOCTOR WITH HIS  
REMEDY?

I'VE COME  
WITH A  
REMEDY,  
YES. BUT  
NOT THE  
ONE YOU  
WERE ALL  
HOPING  
FOR.



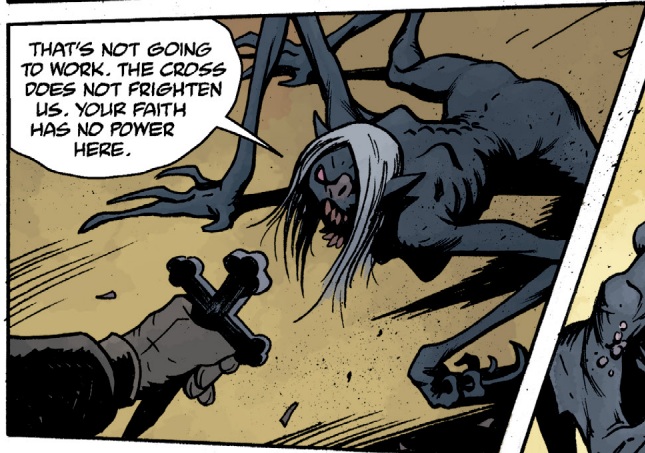
IN  
THAT CASE,  
YOU WILL NOT BE  
ALLOWED TO  
INTERRUPT HIS  
WORK.

THE SUN  
IS SHINING,  
CREATURE. YOU  
CANNOT STOP  
ME FROM THE  
SHADOWS.





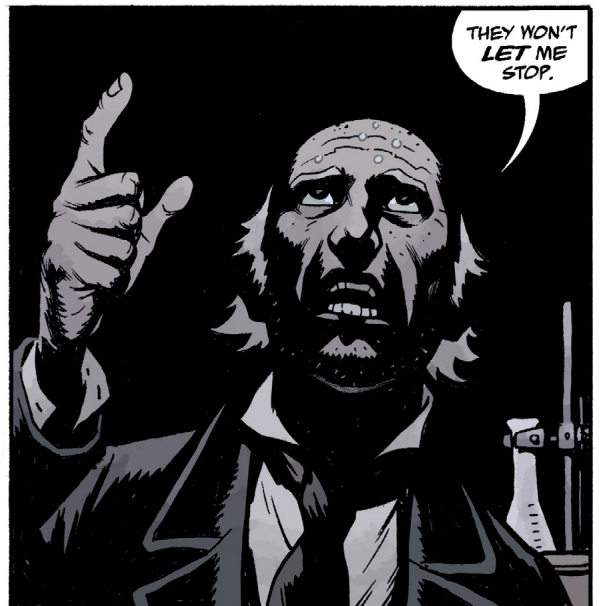


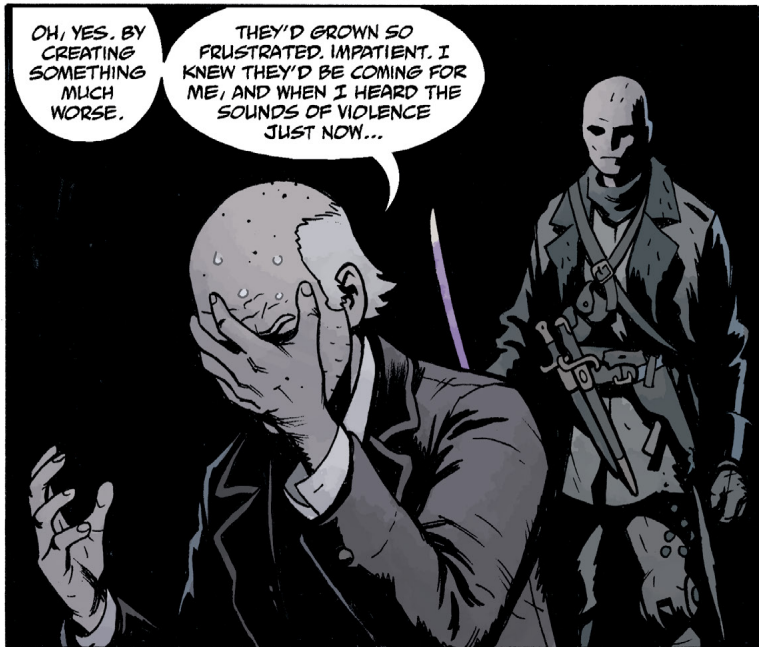
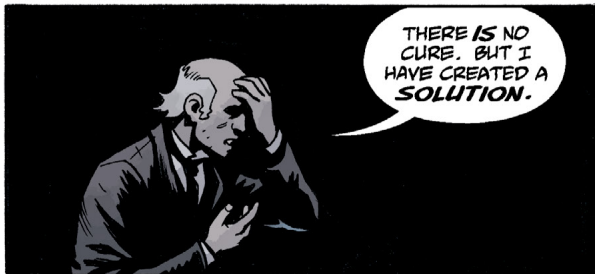




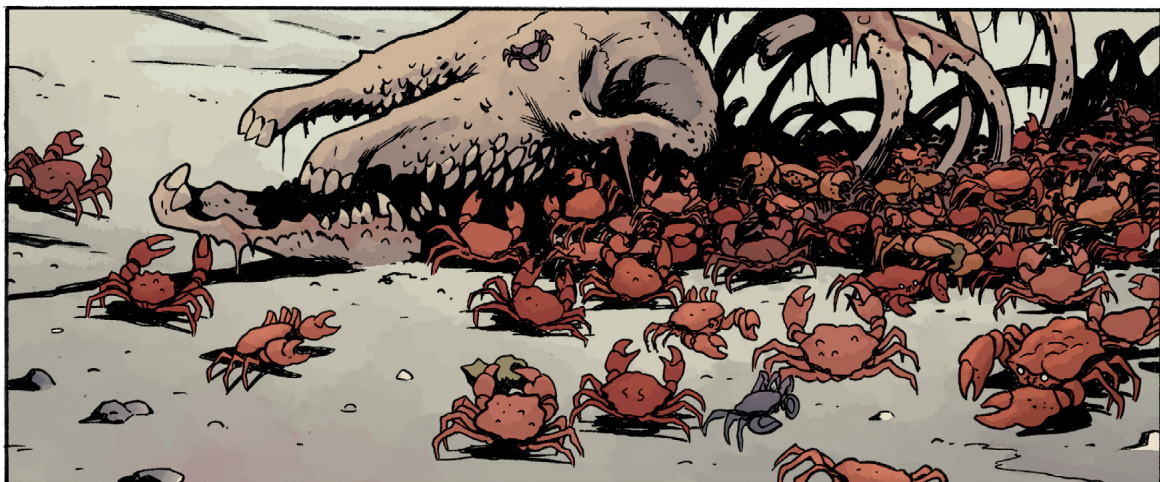
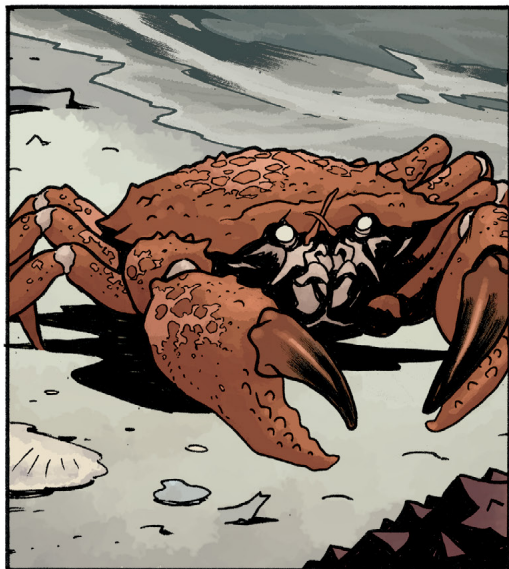








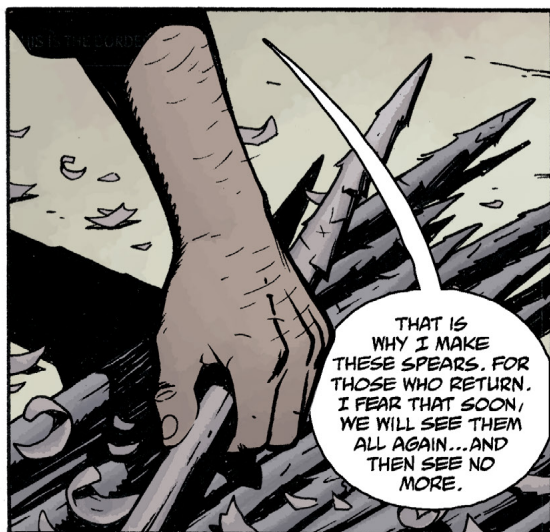








MOST OF THOSE WHO GO TO SEEK DR. LESKOVAR DO NOT COME BACK. AND IF THEY DO, IT IS NOT THE WAY WE WANT THEM TO RETURN.



THAT IS WHY I MAKE THESE SPEARS. FOR THOSE WHO RETURN. I FEAR THAT SOON, WE WILL SEE THEM ALL AGAIN...AND THEN SEE NO MORE.



LORD BALTIMORE IS FORMIDABLE, BUT HE IS STILL ONLY ONE MAN, IN A WORLD THAT IS CHANGING BY THE DAY.



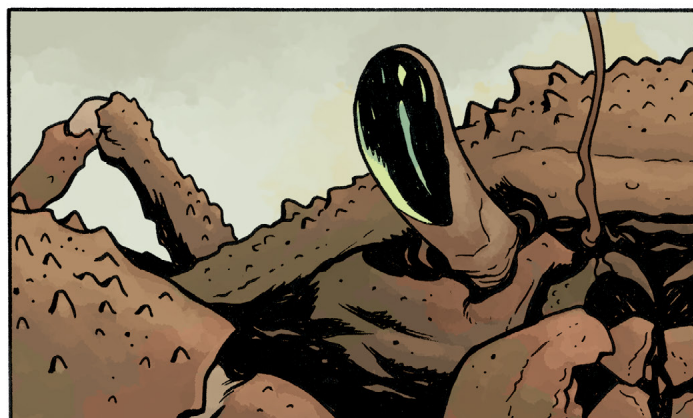
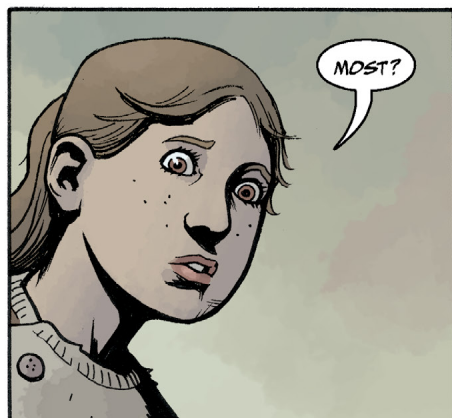
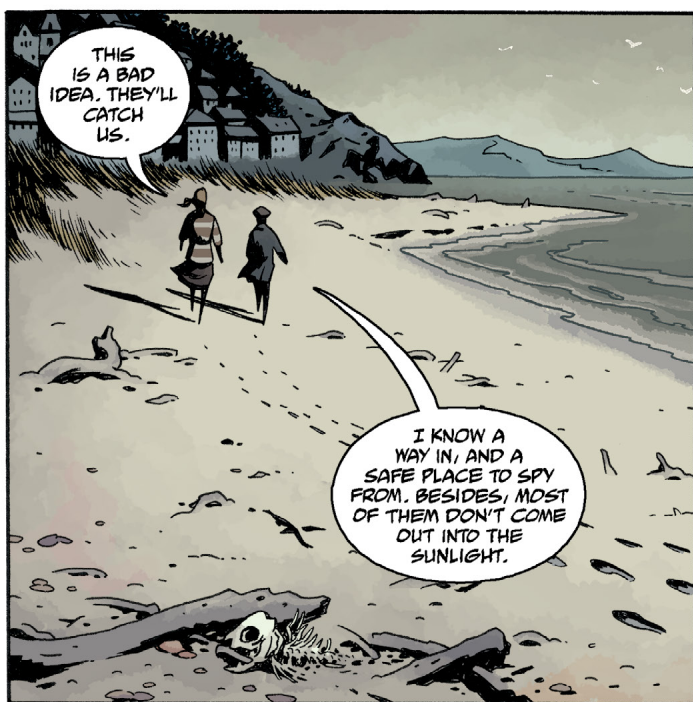
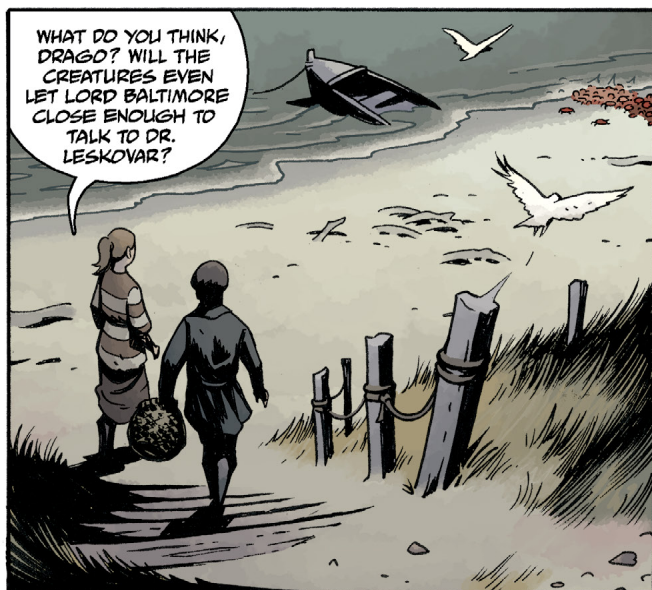
THERE IS SO MUCH EVIL, NOW. YOU CAN TASTE IT ON THE AIR LIKE THE SALT FROM THE SEA.

I HOPE THAT LORD BALTIMORE SURVIVES, BUT MEANWHILE, I MUST MAKE CERTAIN THAT WE DO.



WHICH IS WHY YOU MUST GO AND CATCH SOME CRABS FOR DINNER.









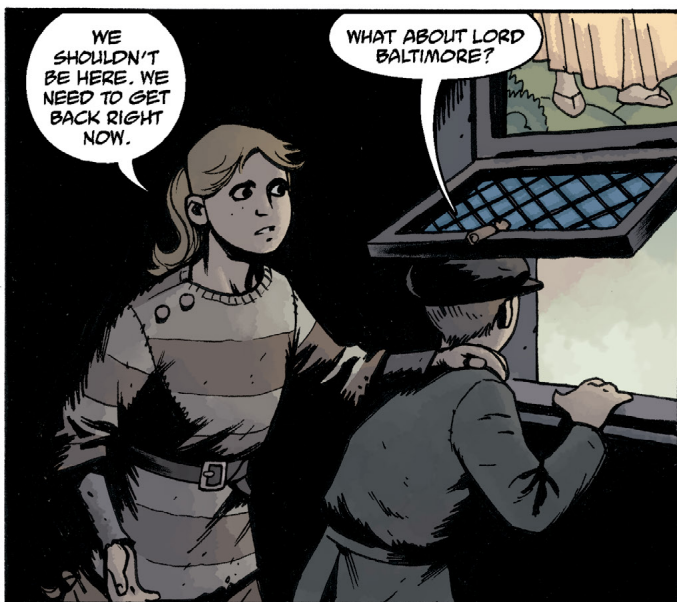
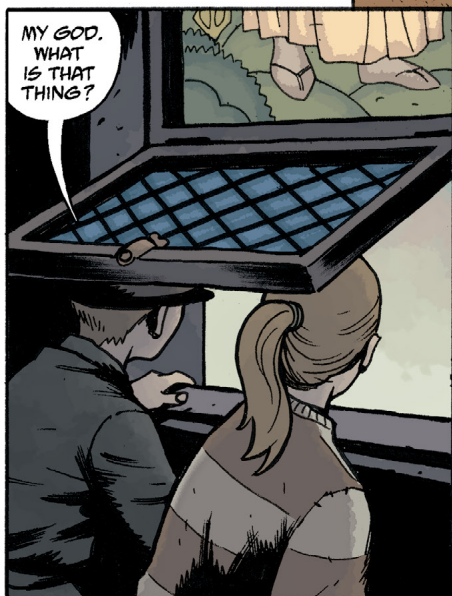








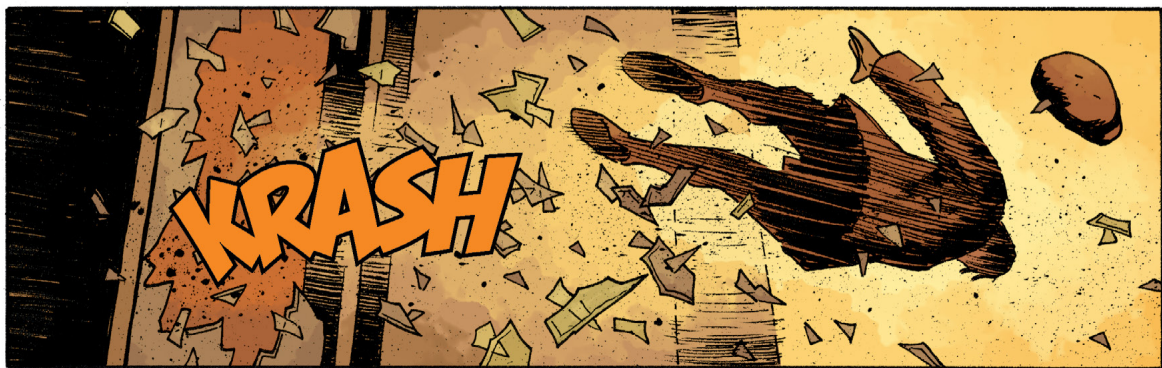
















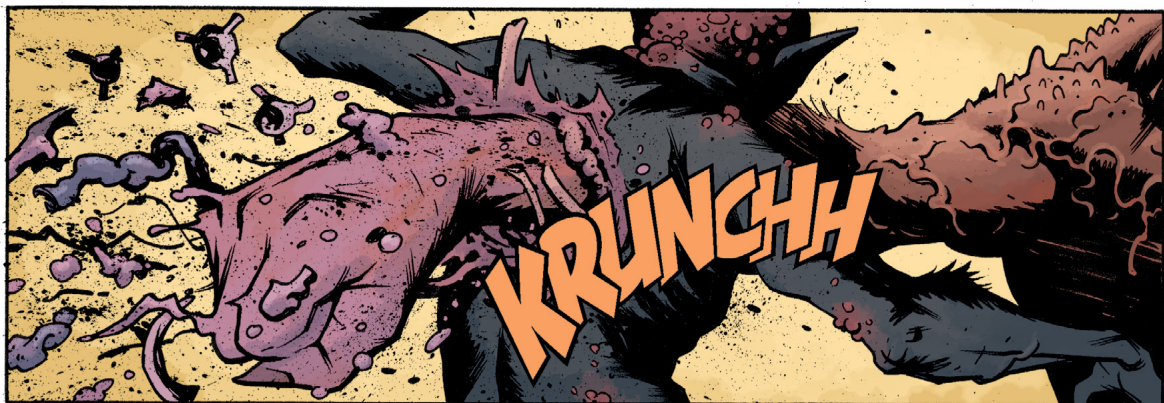








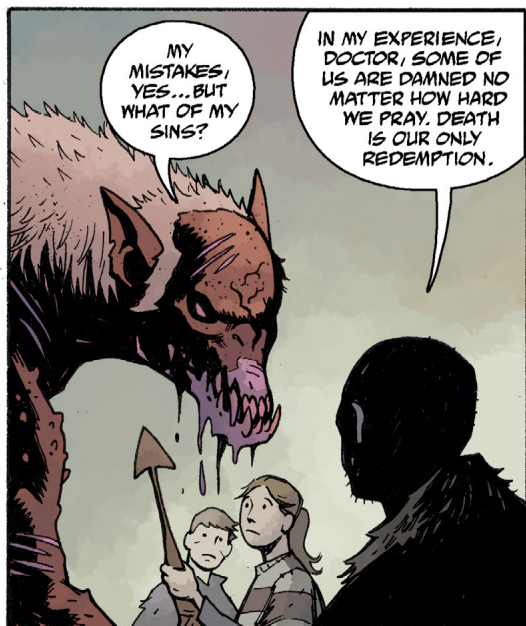
























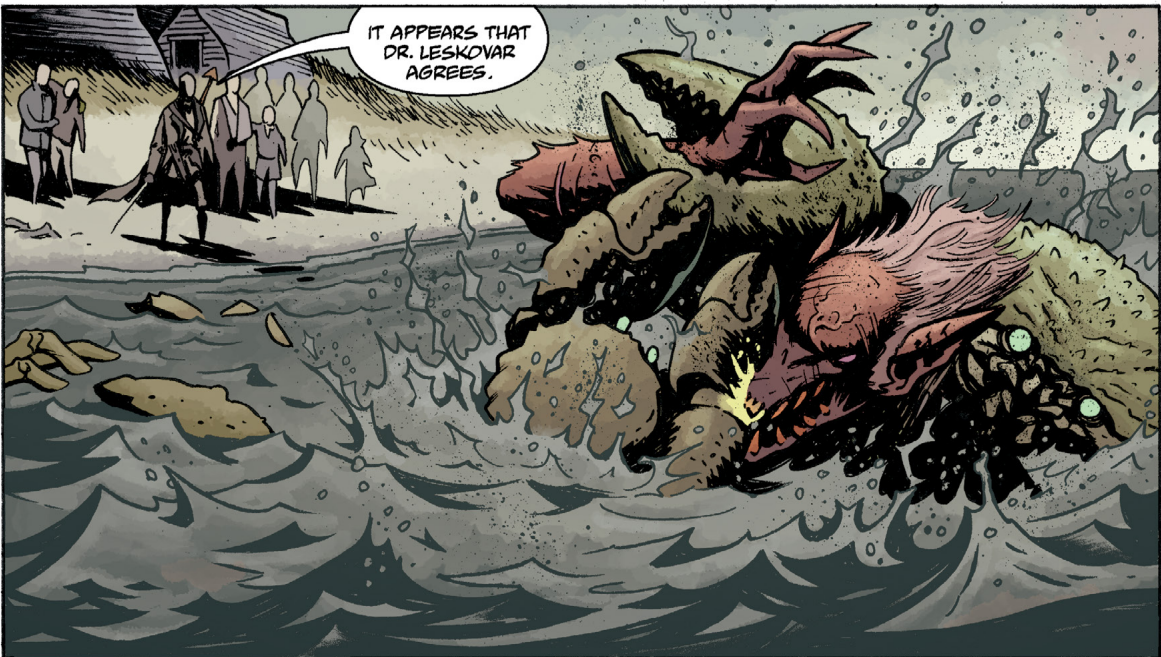
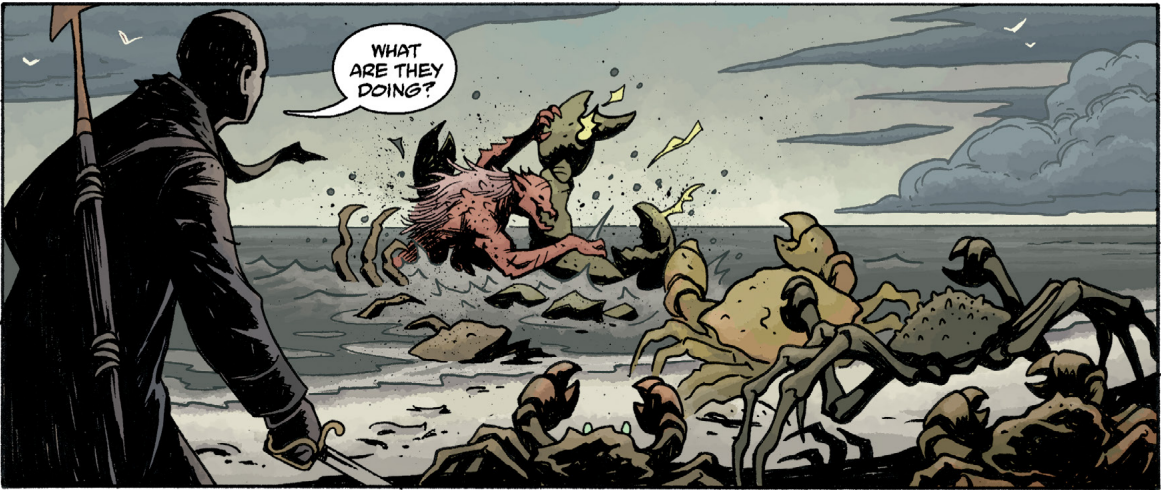




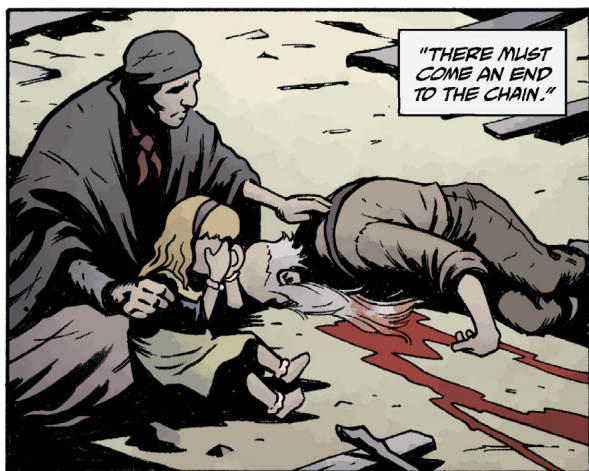












"THERE MUST  
COME AN END  
TO THE CHAIN."



"YOU COULD MAKE A LIFE HERE,  
LORD BALTIMORE. YOU WOULD  
BE WELCOME."



"THANK YOU, MY FRIEND. THE  
IDEA OF STOPPING, EVEN FOR  
A TIME...OF RESTING...I  
WON'T DENY IT'S ATTRACTIVE.  
BUT MY QUARRY  
IS STILL OUT  
THERE."



"AN END TO  
THE CHAIN."



BUT NOT YET.

THE  
END



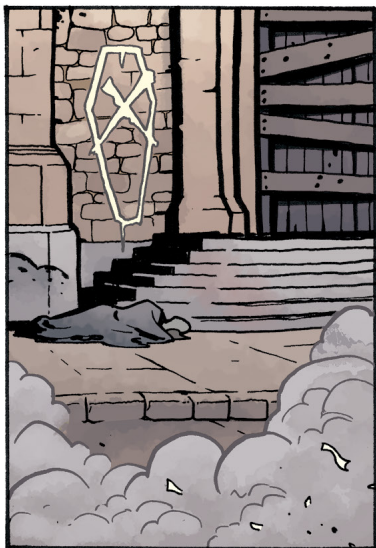
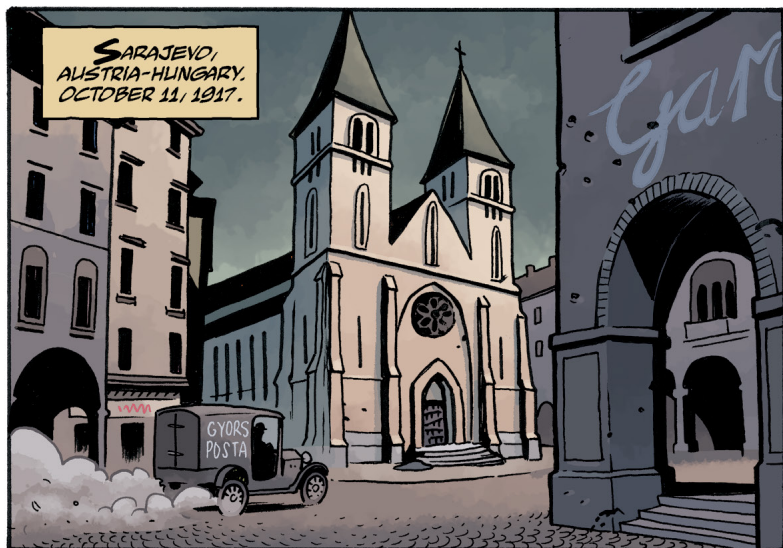
# THE INQUISITOR

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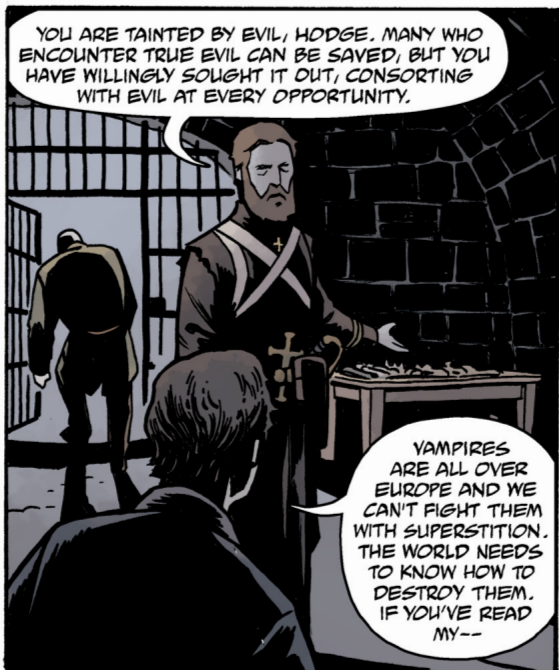






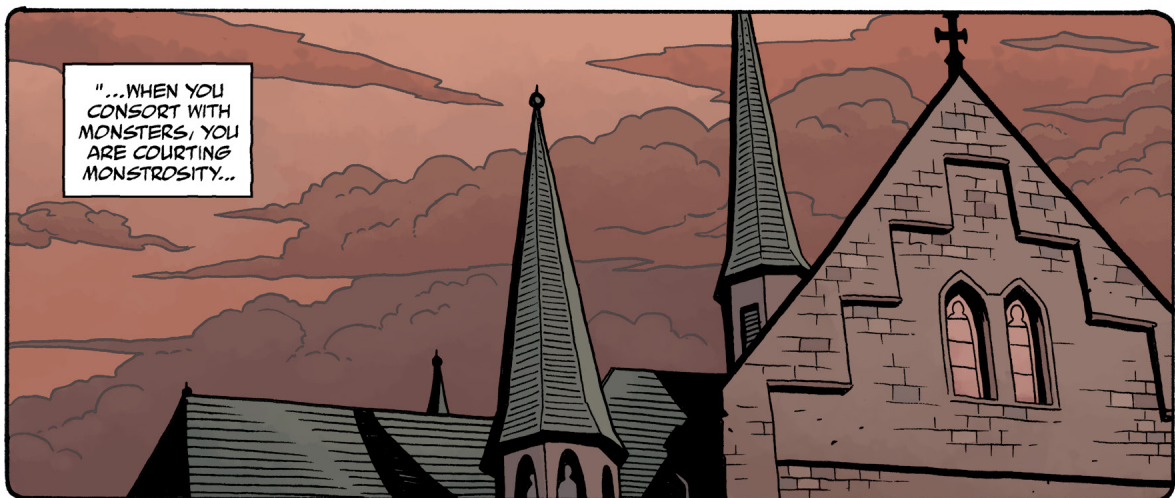
















<TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH>









⟨STEEL YOURSELF, ANDRÉ. THE DARKNESS FILLS THIS PLACE. EVEN TO BREATHE IT IN IS TO RISK BEING INFECTED BY IT.⟩

⟨ONE MUST BE EVER VIGILANT, BUT THAT IS NOT ENOUGH.⟩



⟨WHEN YOU HAVE ENCOUNTERED EVIL SUCH AS THIS, YOU MUST PURIFY YOURSELF. WITH GOD'S BLESSING, YOU MAY SCOUR THE DARKNESS FROM YOUR SOUL.⟩



⟨AND IF YOU ARE NOT VIGILANT...IF YOU ARE WEAK... YOU WILL END UP LIKE HIM.⟩











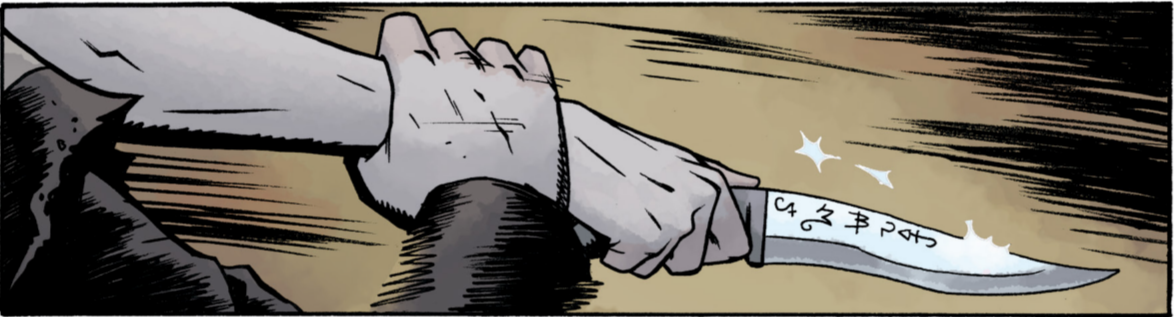










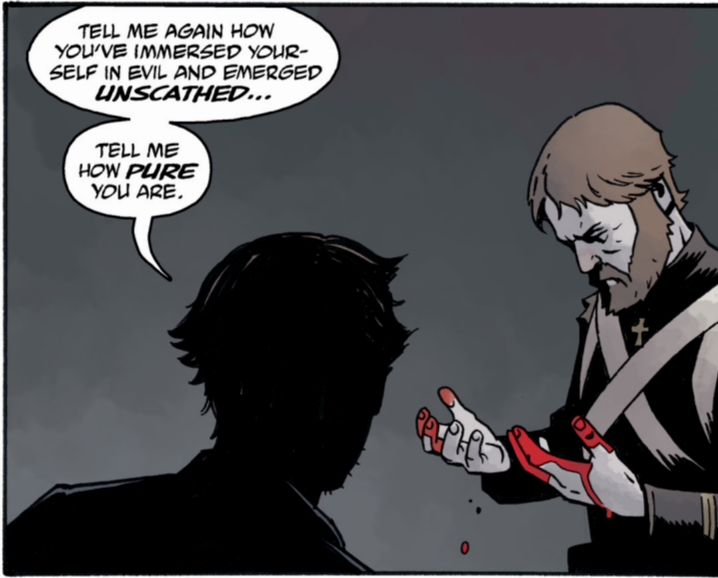


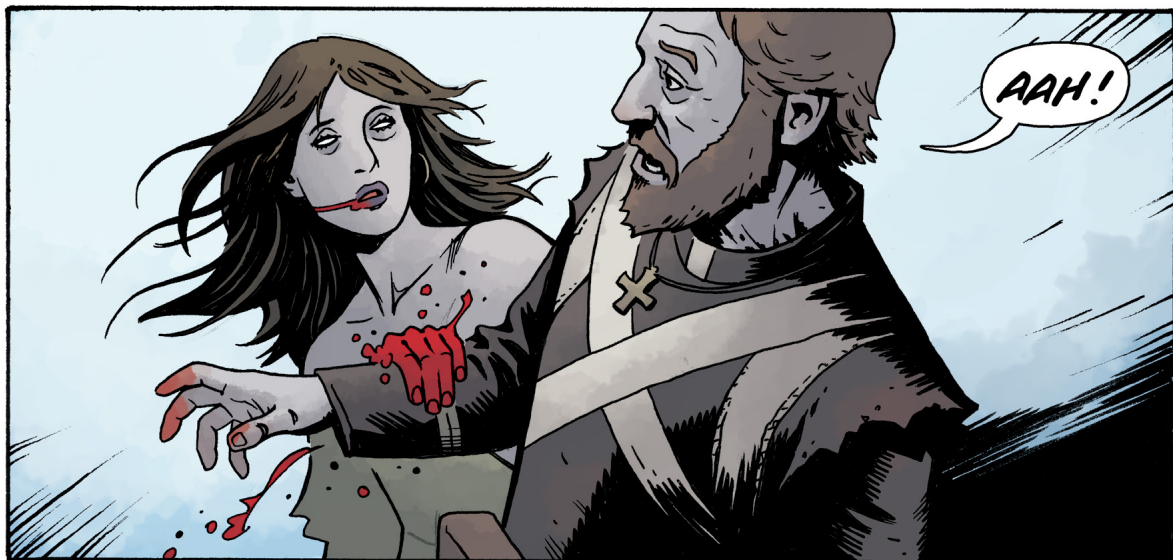
















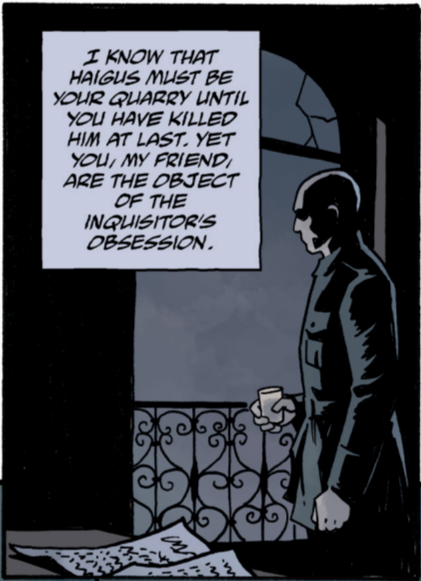


SARAJEVO,  
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.  
OCTOBER 11, 1917.



...AND SO I LEFT HIM THERE IN  
THE BASEMENT OF THAT JAIL.  
BUT WHATEVER UNCERTAINTY  
HE FELT THEN WILL NOT  
TROUBLE HIM FOR LONG...

...AND HE WILL BE  
BACK ON YOUR TRAIL.



I KNOW THAT  
HAIGUS MUST BE  
YOUR QUARRY UNTIL  
YOU HAVE KILLED  
HIM AT LAST. YET  
YOU, MY FRIEND,  
ARE THE OBJECT  
OF THE  
INQUISITOR'S  
OBSESSION.



I TOLD HIM THAT IF HE  
WANTED YOU, HE WOULD  
FIND YOU IN BUDAPEST ON  
THE 20TH OF OCTOBER.

HEED MY  
ADVICE, MY  
FRIEND. BREAK  
OFF YOUR  
PURSUIT OF  
HAIGUS AT LEAST  
LONG ENOUGH TO  
BE IN BUDAPEST  
ON THAT DATE.



HE THINKS YOU A MONSTER,  
HENRY. BUT JUDGE DUVIC  
IS THE MONSTROSITY.

AND I KNOW ALL TOO  
WELL HOW YOU DEAL  
WITH MONSTERS.

THE  
END

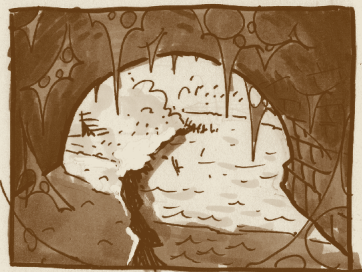
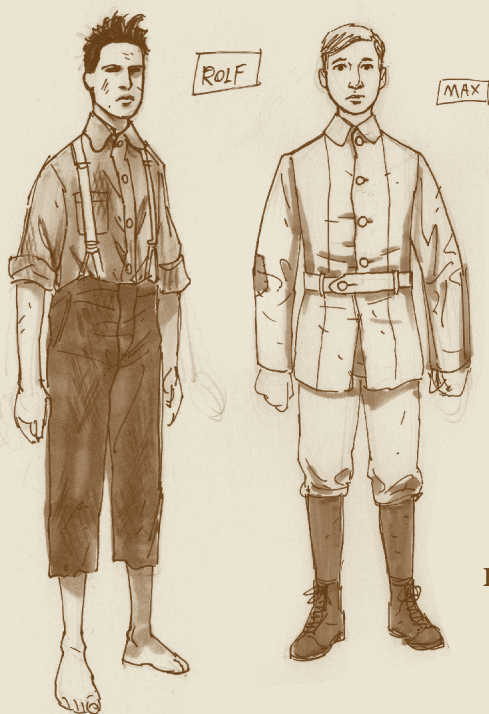


# BALTIMORE™

## A PASSING STRANGER AND OTHER STORIES

### SKETCHBOOK

*Notes by Scott Allie*



The first story completed for this book was “A Passing Stranger,” published in Dark Horse’s Free Comic Book Day book in 2011. These are Ben’s initial drawings for that, and the following three pages are his designs for *Dr. Leskovar’s Remedy*.

uncle Filip



scar - Broad / open / Pale  
strip of skin  
gouged out by  
~~sheepnet~~  
boat cleat torn  
loose in storm.

Bruna



sea shell  
jewelry



Drago



Cecilija



Dress  
Hitched  
up



Fishing  
knife







no eyes



2 top jaws

Death Worm  
(Air plane monster)



DR LESKOVAR



creepy  
Big lips  
& over  
Bite



Blind

lots of  
fingers





...IN FAIR  
VERONA  
where WE LAY  
OUR SCENE...

Ben's sketches for *The Play*, including the poster, a finished version of which can be seen on page 2 of this book.



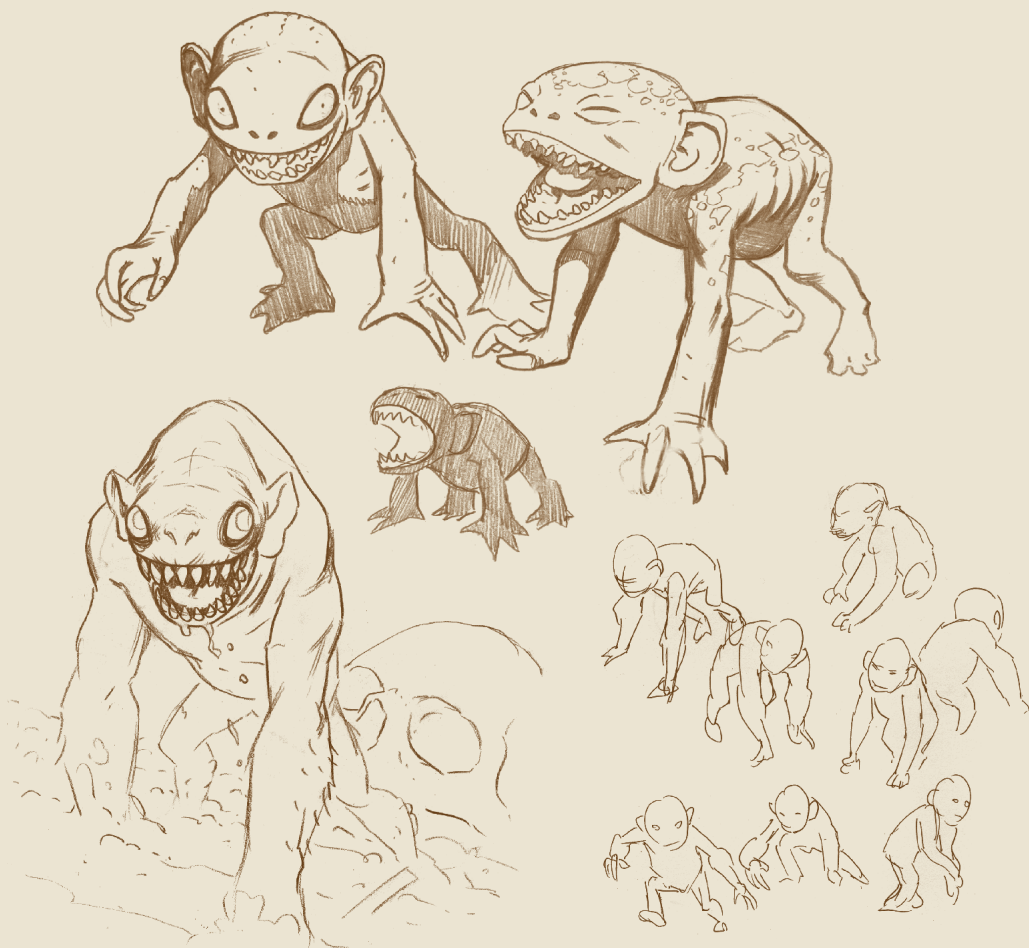
EDGAR  
ALLAN  
POE.



stage  
manager

GNECCO





Ben's sketches for the monsters in *The Tank* (top) and the title character of *The Widow*.

The following pages feature covers by Ben and Mike Mignola.

Facing: This image by Ben and Dave Stewart was done for a campaign promoting Dark Horse's iconic heroes in 2012. It was also going to be the cover for *Dr. Leskovar's Remedy* #2, but Ben decided to do a different image and color it himself (following page).

Second page following: Mignola did this cover to *Dr. Leskovar's Remedy* #1, as part of the Year of Monsters variant-cover program, where he pitted his characters against monsters from classic literature and film.

Third page following: Ben did this image for an online promotion with Multiversity.com celebrating the debut of *Abe Sapien: Dark and Terrible*.

















**MIKE MIGNOLA's** fascination with ghosts and monsters began at an early age; reading *Dracula* at age twelve introduced him to Victorian literature and folklore, from which he has never recovered. Starting in 1982 as a bad inker for Marvel Comics, he swiftly evolved into a not-so-bad artist. By the late 1980s, he had begun to develop his own unique graphic style, with mainstream projects like *Cosmic Odyssey* and *Batman: Gotham by Gaslight*. In 1994, he published the first *Hellboy* series through Dark Horse. As of this writing there are sixteen *Hellboy* graphic novels (with more on the way), several spinoff titles (*B.P.R.D.*, *Lobster Johnson*, *Abe Sapien*, and *Sir Edward Grey: Witchfinder*), prose books, animated films, and two live-action films starring Ron Perlman. Along the way he worked on Francis Ford Coppola's film *Bram Stoker's Dracula* (1992), was a production designer for Disney's *Atlantis: The Lost Empire* (2001), and was the visual consultant to director Guillermo del Toro on *Blade II* (2002), *Hellboy* (2004), and *Hellboy II: The Golden Army* (2008). Mike's books have earned numerous awards and are published in a great many countries. Mike lives somewhere in southern California with his wife, daughter, and cat.

**CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN** is the author of such novels as *Of Saints and Shadows*, *The Myth Hunters*, *The Boys Are Back in Town*, and *Strangerwood*. He has also written books for teens and young adults, including *When Rose Wakes*, *Soulless*, *Poison Ink*, and *The Secret Journeys of Jack London*, coauthored with Tim Lebbon. His other work with Mike Mignola includes the novel *Baltimore; or, The Steadfast Tin Soldier and the Vampire*. Golden was born and raised in Massachusetts, where he still lives with his family. His original novels have been published in more than fourteen languages in countries around the world. Please visit him at [ChristopherGolden.com](http://ChristopherGolden.com).

**BEN STENBECK** discovered his joy of comics after he found a copy of *2000 AD* when he was six years old. He has worked as an illustrator and designer on everything from films to comics and games, with a lot of commercial illustration work in between. He has worked on several titles for Dark Horse Comics, including *Living with the Dead*, *Witchfinder: In the Service of Angels*, and *B.P.R.D.: The Ectoplasmic Man*. He lives in Auckland, New Zealand, with his wife and two sons and three horses.

*Eisner Award-winning horror master Mike Mignola  
and writer Christopher Golden present tales featuring  
the world's greatest vampire hunter.*



“A horror comic fan’s dream.” —Comic Book Resources

“An engaging and gritty, post-WWI apocalyptic adventure.”

—Bloody Disgusting

“The bloody and violent gothic horror that Golden and Mignola create together is just an example of how well the two writers work together.” —Geeks of Doom

“These stories gnaw away at the wound, constantly asking us who the real monsters are—the shape-shifting vampires thirsting for blood, the obsessives who set out to render them extinct, or the uncaring forces who consider whole populations an acceptable loss. They’re all still with us . . .”

—Kim Newman, from his introduction

DarkHorse.com

